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THE New Golden Censer

A MUSICAL OFFERING TO THE
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FRESH LAURELS," "THE GOLDEN CHAIN," "GOLDEN
SHOWER," "ORIOLA," "JUBILEE," ETC., ETC.

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THE

NEW GOLDEN CENSER:

A MUSICAL OFFERING TO THE SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

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NEW YORK;

PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN, 425 BROOME STREET,
(SUCCESSIONS TO WM. B. BRADBURY.)
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., 138 & 140 Grand Street,
AND FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

P R E F A C E.

Next to the Golden Chain, the GOLDEN CENSER has been the most popular of the Golden Series, very nearly one million copies of the CENSER having been sold; printing so large a number has entirely worn out two sets of electrotype plates; there being still a good demand for it, we were obliged to make new plates, and thought it best to pursue the same course as that which has added so much to the value of the "New Chain," and "New Shower," viz.: Adding new hymns and music, wherever the space would allow, and, at the same time, leaving the old pieces on the same pages they occupied in the old book, that the two books (old and new) may be used together; except, we have left out of the NEW GOLDEN CENSER some pieces which were considered of secondary value for Sunday School purposes.

We offer in the NEW GOLDEN CENSER our sweetest incense—the incense of children's Hosannas to their Saviour and King. May these be to him an acceptable offering,—an offering of a sweet-smelling savor.

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GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB.

WM. B. BRADEURY.

"AND I BEHELD, AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF MANY ANGELS ROUND ABOUT THE THRONE, AND THE BEASTS AND THE ELDERS : AND THE NUMBER OF THEM WAS TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND AND THOUSANDS OF THOUSANDS ; SAYING WITH A LOUD VOICE, 'WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE POWER, AND RICHES, AND WISDOM, AND STRENGTH, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND BLESSING.'"*—Rev. 5: 11, 12.*

| 1st. | 2d. | REFRAIN.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. Both staves use common time. The music features eighth-note chords and rests.

1. { Hark ! the sweetest notes of angels singing, Glory, glory to the Lamb,
All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing, Raising high the Saviour's name. We will join the beautiful
2. { Ye for whom his precious life was given, Sancte themes to you belong ;
Come, and join the glorious choir of heaven, Join the everlasting..... song. We will join, etc.

Or this: *Sing away, ye beautiful*

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. Both staves use common time. The music features eighth-note chords and rests.

an - gels, Sing away, ye beautiful angels, Sing a - way, Sing a - way, Glory, glory to the Lamb.

- 3 Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above ;
Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,
Founts of everlasting love.
We will join, etc.
- 4 Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name ;
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing.
Be forever to the Lamb.
We will join, etc.

4

WHY SHOULD CHILDREN HOLD THEIR PEACE?

Matthew 21: 15, 16.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.
FULL CHORUS. *ff*

SEMI-CHORUS.

1st.

2d.

1 "Why should children hold their peace?" Did the loving Saviour say,
When the haughty, hating Jews sought their youthful (OMIT.....) songs to stay, "Hosannah, hosannah, ho-

san-nah to the Son of David! Praise him, O praise him, Our Saviour and our King." "Suffer them to come," said Jesus; Hence our youthful throng, "Suffer them to come," said Jesus; Hence our joyful song.

2 Why should children hold their peace?

When the whole creation sings,
And the rounded firmament
With its Maker's glory rings.—*Cho.*3 Why should children hold their peace,
When their happy hearts rejoice?What so tuneful to our Lord,
As his praise from childhood's voice?—*Cho.*

4 Why should children hold their peace?

Why did God their voices give,
Save to praise the Lamb who died
That the children's souls might live?—*Cho.*5 If the children hold their peace,
Then the very stones shall sing,And the mountains and the hills,
Shall their echoing tribute bring.—*Cho.*

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

5

p Soft and Gentle.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

1. "Come to me, all ye that la - bor, Hea-vy laden and oppressed," These were the precious words of Jesus,
2. "Take my easy yoke upon you, Leave the wrong and choose the right; Come learn of me the meek and lowly,

mf CHORUS, with energy, but not very loud.

"Come, and I will give you rest." 'Tis a Father's love, 'tis a Father's call, In his house above, there is
You shall find my burden light." 'Tis a Father's love, etc.

room for all, Yes, there's room for all in my Father's heavenly home, Yes, there's room for you, there's room for me.

3 Lord, we come to plead thy promise,
We, by sin and guilt oppressed,
Would take thy easy yoke upon us ;
Grant us, Lord, on thee to rest.
'Tis a Father's love, etc.

4 Guard us by thy kind protection,
Purify our every heart ;
O teach us, Lord, and make us humble,
Meek, and lowly, as thou art.
'Tis a Father's love, etc.

MY SABBATH SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Strains of mu - sic oft - en greet me As I join the bu - sy throng, But there's nothing half so

CHORUS.

ple-a-sant as the bo - ly Sab - bath song. No fear of ill, No fear of wrong, While

I can sing my Sabbath song; My Sabbath song, My Sabbath song; I love to sing my Sabbath song.

2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.
No fear of ill, etc.

3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;

But the song of blest redemption,
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.
No fear of ill, etc.

4 While I live, O, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And, when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.
No fear of ill, etc.

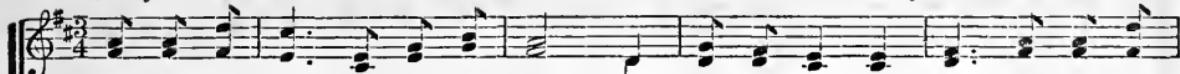
THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

7

"JESUS CHRIST—THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. What-ev - er cross the world may bring Of pov - er - ty and shame, To Je - sus'
2. In sorrow's hour his love can cheer, And bid our fears de - part; He makes our



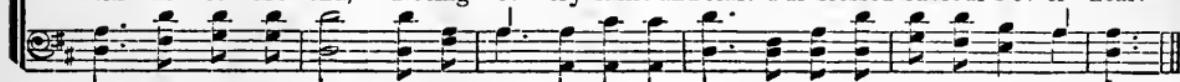
CHORUS.



hand we still can cling—He always is the same. He, who was the sinner's Friend, Will be hap - piness more dear, And fills with peace our heart. He, who was, &c.



with us to the end, Noting ev - ery smile and tear: Our blessed Saviour's ev-er near.



3 Dear Saviour, make us truly thine,
And all our sins forgive;
Conform us to thy will divine,
And bless us while we live.
He who was, &c.

4 And in the world beyond the sky,
With thee we'll gladly dwell;
No more to weep, no more to die,
No more to say farewell.
He who was, &c.

8

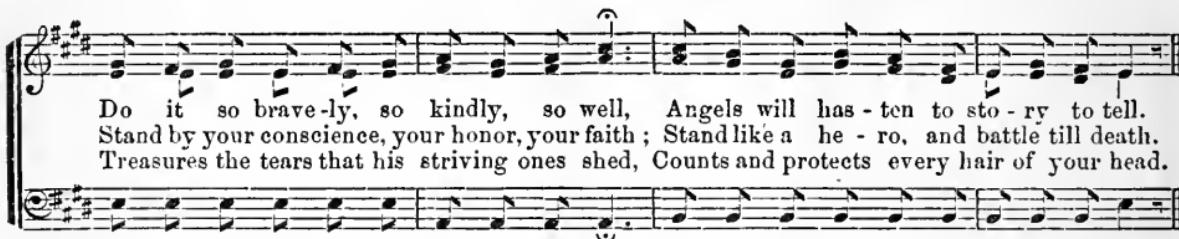
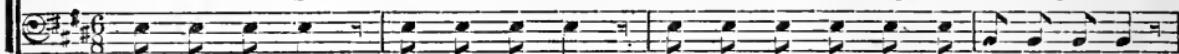
DARE TO DO RIGHT!

Words by Rev. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

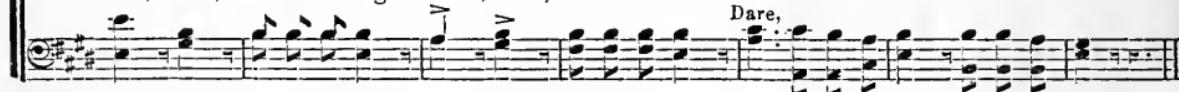


You have a work that no oth - er can do,
 Oth - er men's failures can never save you;
 God, who cre - a - ted you, cares for you too;



Dare, dare, dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true! > Dare to be true! dare to be true!

Dare,



4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!

Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
 Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

Dare to do right! &c.

5 Dare to do right! dare to be true!

Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
 City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?

Dare to do right! &c.

ALWAYS THERE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

9

1. Why should cold or stormy weather Keep me on this ho - ly day From my du - ty to my Saviour,
2. Blessed place, where ev - ery moment Seems a treasure bright and fair, Dearly prized a - bove all others,

CHORUS.

From the Sabbath-school a - way. Always there, always there, There to join in praise and prayer ; There to meet my
Let me then be always there. Always there, always there, &c.

teacher dear, There to join in praise and prayer, There to meet my teacher dear, And join in praise and prayer.

- 3 When on earth my Saviour wandered,
Cold and weary, many a day,
He at midnight sought the desert,
In its solitude to pray.—Cho.

- 4 With an humble, lowly spirit,
Would I know and do his will;

Learning under every trial
How to suffer and be still.—Cho.

- 5 Ne'er shall cold or stormy weather
Keep me on this holy day
From my duty to my Saviour.
From the Sabbath-school away.—Cho.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

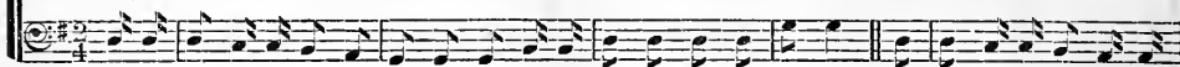
Words by MRS. E. M. SANGSTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SINGLE VOICE, (BOY) OR SEMI-CHORUS.



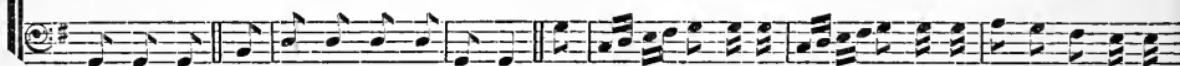
1. Do you know a - ny lit - tle bare-foot boy, In a gar-ret or a cel - lar, Who shivers with cold, and whose



CHORUS.



garments old—Will scarcely hold together? Go bring him in; there is room to spare; Here are food, and shelter, and



pi - ty: And we'll not shut the door 'Gainst one of Christ's poor, Tho' you bring every child in the ci - ty.



GIRLS.

2 Do you know any little tired girl.

Whose feet with cold are aching;

Whose shrinking form braves the winter's storm;

The alms of the richer taking?

"Go bring her in, &c.

3 Can you think of a comrade who often goes

To play in the lots on Sunday,

And who's late at school, and who breaks the rule

Of his teacher dear on Monday?

"Go bring him in," &c.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG. Concluded.

11

4 Go! gather them in from the tenement house,
And the merchant's stately palace;
From the world's dark strife, and the heavenly life,
Let them drink from the golden chalice.
"Go bring them in," &c.

TEACHER.
5 'Tis the Master's work! there is none so low,
But his loving hand may reach them,
And there's none so sunken in want and woe.
But we'll joy to help and teach them.
"Go bring them in," &c.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

I. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sing the Saviour's dying love : And soft as tuneful lyres above,
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar ;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad ;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be ;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting a summons from on high.

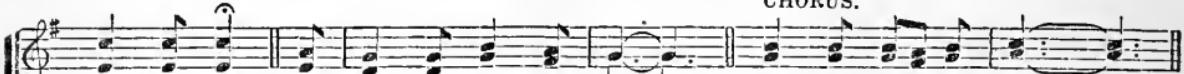
JESUS PAID IT ALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Noth-ing eith-er great or small, Re-mains for me to do; Je - sus died, and
 2. When he from his lof - ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev - ery thing was

CHORUS.



paid it all,— Yes all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all.....
 ful - ly done; "Tis finished!" was his ery. Je - sus paid it all, &c.

Je - sus paid it, paid it all.



All the debt I owe, Je - sus died and paid its all, Yes, all the debt I owe.



3.

Weary, working, plodding one,
 Oh, wherefore toil you so?
 Cease your doing—all was done;
 Yes, ages long ago.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.

4.

Till to Jesus' work you cling,
 Alone by simple faith,
 "Doing" is a deadly thing,
 Your "doing" ends in death.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.

5.

Cast your deadly "doing" down,
 Down all at Jesus' feet;
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,
 All glorious and complete,
 Jesus paid it all, &c.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

13

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME," &c.

1st. | 2nd. End. REFRAIN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

D. C.

1 (There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name before his wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, given.) We love to sing of Christ, our King, And hail him bles-
 sed Jesus;
 D. C. For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

- 2 His human name they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they seal'd him;
 The name that still by God's good will,
 Deliverer revealed him. *Cho.*
- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote his name above him,

That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him. *Cho.*

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus. *Cho.*

SWEET LAND OF REST. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome—This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my

REFRAIN.

1st. | 2d. | 3

To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam,
 But fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
 Home, home, &c.

home? Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.
 home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, This world is not my home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
 Home, home, &c.

OUR FATHERS LONG AGO.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

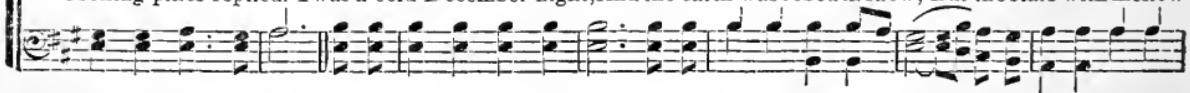
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. When across the ocean wide, Where the heaving waters flow, Came the May-Flower o'er the tide, With our
 2. Sweetly rang their evening hymn O'er that region vast and wide, Thro' the forest dark and dim, And the



Fathers long a - go : When they near'd the rocky strand, And their chorus rent the air, Children in that pilgrim
 rocking pines replied. 'Twas a cold December night, And the earth was robed in snow, But the stars with mellow



band Clasped their little hands in prayer, Children in that pilgrim band, Clasped their little hands in pray'r.
 light, Blest our fathers long a - go, But the stars with mellow light, Blest our fathers long a - go.



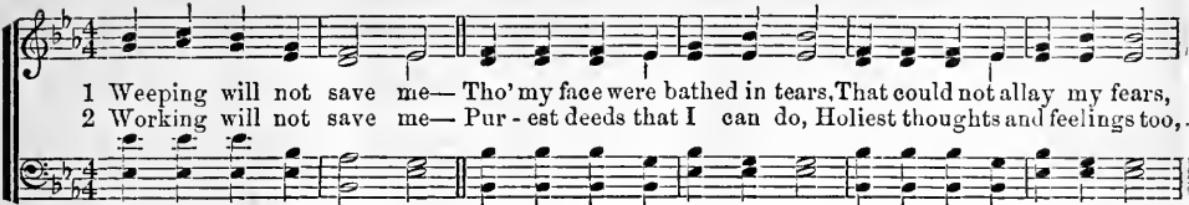
- 3 When the early buds were seen,
 And the robin's song was heard,
 Children frolicked on the green,
 Happy as the woodland bird ;
 Culled the daisy young and fair,
 Watched the brooklet's quiet flow,
 ||: Banished every cloud of care
 From our fathers long ago. :||

- 4 When our country's banner bright
 Told her deeds of noble worth,
 Children hailed its radiant light,
 Hailed the land that gave them birth ;
 Children now rejoice to hear,
 All their youthfnl hearts can know,
 ||: And the precepts still revere
 Of their fathers long ago. :||

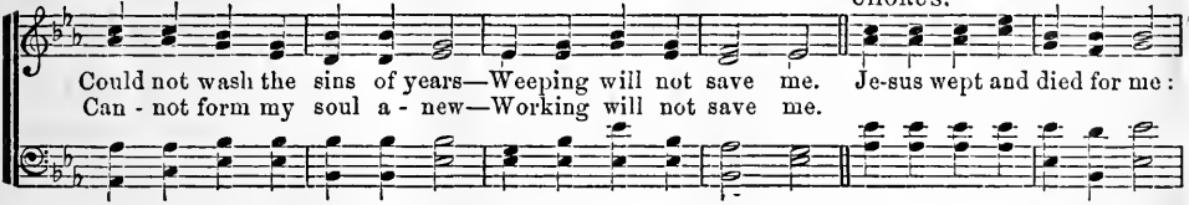
NONE BUT JESUS.

15

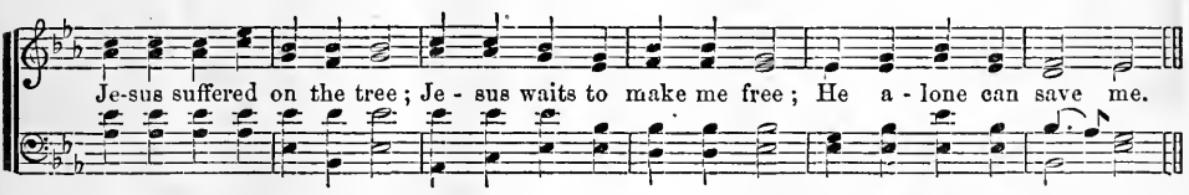
From "CHAPEL MELODIES." Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY.

- 
- 1 Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not allay my fears,
2 Working will not save me—Pur - est deeds that I can do, Holiest thoughts and feelings too.,

CHORUS.



Could not wash the sins of years—Weeping will not save me. Je-sus wept and died for me :
Can - not form my soul a - new—Working will not save me.



Je-sus suffered on the tree ; Je - sus waits to make me free ; He a - lone can save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie ;
In my ear is mercy's cry ;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me,

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that he has done ;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.

When Ho - san - nas loud re - sound-ing Rang through Sa - lem joy - ful - ly,
 1. { As the Sav - iour came in tri - umph, [OMIT]
 2. { Je - sus heard their lit - tle voie - es, And with gen - tle, lov - ing face,
 Smiled up - on the hap - py chil-dren, [OMIT]

Children's voie-es rose on high, Hymning out the joy - ful cho - rus, Shouting forth the
 Sub - jects of his roy - al grace; Hushed the haughty priests to si - lence By the old pro -
 phet - ie word: "Forth from infant lips per-fect-ed, Praise shall come before the Lord."

3 Still the mighty King of Salem
 Comes in holy tri-nimph nigh,—
 Still hosannas, loud resounding,
 Rise from infant tongues on high,—
 Still the sceptic and the scoffer
 Sneer and ridicule the song,—
 And the Saviour smiles as sweetly
 On the happy infant throng.

4 In the day when gathered millions
 Sing hosannas, far away,
 'Mid the shining hosts of angels,
 Infant tongues shall swell the lay.
 Come then, children, to the Saviour,
 Sweetest welcome waits you here ;
 And with those bright hosts in heaven
 You shall sing his praises there.

WE ARE COMING BLESSED SAVIOUR.

17

Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are com-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, We hear thy gen-tle voice; We would be thine for

FULL CHORUS.

ev-er, And in thy love re-joice. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, we are

com-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We hear thy gen-tle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever.
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

OUR HOME WITH JESUS.

T. E. PERKINS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; We'll be gathered home: Nor death, nor sighing, visit there, We'll be gathered home,

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine, &c.
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.—*Cho.*

3 My Father's house is built on high ; &c.
Above the arched and starry sky.—*Cho.*

4 Let others seek a home below, &c.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erthrow.—*Cho.*

5 Be mine the happier lot to own, &c.
A heavenly mansion near the throne.—*Cho.*

6 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, &c.
And sun and moon refuse to shine.—*Cho.*

7 All nature sink, and cease to be, &c.
That heavenly mansion stands for me.—*Cho.*

MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Morn of Zi-on's glo - ry, Brightly thou art breaking, Ho - ly joy thy light a - waking; Morn of Zi-on's glo - ry.

MORN OF ZION'S GLORY. Concluded.

19

Ancient saints foretold thee, Seraph angels glad behold thee : Streams of rich salvation Flow to every nation.
Far and wide, See them glide ;

2. Morn of Zion's glory—
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echoed voices sweet are singing
Haste thee on,
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3. Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is riven ;
Now the star is high in heaven ;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujah sweetly sounding ;
Peace with men
Dwells again,
Jesus reigns forever !
Jesus reigns forever !

SINNER! COME. 3s & 6s.

1. Sinner! come, Mid thy gloom All thy guilt confessing ; Trembling now, Contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.

2 Sinner! come, While there's room—
While the feast is waiting,
While the Lord, By his word
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner! come, Ere thy doom,
Shall be sealed forever ;
Now return, Grieve and mourn
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.



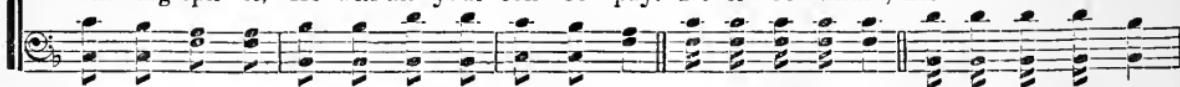
1. Never be afraid to speak for Jesus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to

2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and

CHORUS.



own your Saviour, He, who loves and cares for you. Never be afraid, Never be afraid,
will - ing spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay. Never be afraid, &c.



Never, nev - er, nev - er, Je - sus is your lov - ing Saviour, Therefore never be afraid.



3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus weekly bore them all. Cho.

4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus,
If you on his care depend;

Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end. Cho.

5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He, the life, the truth, the way;
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day. Cho.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy ;
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessings, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the lights of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

From "CHAPEL MELODIES," by permission. Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Cast your care on Je - sus ; He will share it, He will bear it, There is none like Je - sus.
- 2 Cast your sin on Jesus ;
He will take it,
Now forsake it—
There is none like Jesus.
- 3 Cast your heart on Jesus ;
Do not grieve him,
Just believe him—
There is none like Jesus.

THE GATHERING.

Joyfully, with Spirit and Energy.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We gath-cr, we gath-er, dear Je-sus, to bring The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of Spring;
 2. When, stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ran-som so free-ly was given;

Our Ma-ker! Redeem-er! we grate-ful-ly raise Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise.
 Thou designedst to lis-ten while children adored, With joy-ful ho-sannas—the bless'd of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

f Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Ho-san-na in the high-est! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-

Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Ho-san-na in the high-est! Halle-lu-jah!

lu-jah! Ho-san-na to the Lord!

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Those arms which embraced little children of old,
 Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
 That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
 Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

4 Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
 Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
 For precepts and promise so graciously given,
 For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven*

Hallelujah, &c.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR JESUS.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

23

1. What shall I do for that kind Friend Who once for me so poor became; Who had not where to
2. For Him who bore my sins a-way, Who freely shed His blood for me, Who sought me when I

CHORUS.

lay His head, Who suffered death, reproach, and shame. What shall I do, What shall I do, What
went a-stray, Redeemed my soul and made it free. What shall I do, What shall I do, &c.

shall I do for Je-sus, What shall I do, What shall I do for that kind friend.

3 For Him who, with such tender love
Bestows the riches of His grace ;
For Him who intercedes above,
And for my soul prepares a place.
What can I do, &c.

4 I'll give to Him my heart and life,
And love and serve Him day by day ;
And this shall be my only strife,
That from His fold I may not stray.
This can I do, &c.

24

O, WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O, who is my neighbor? pray tell me, As I jour - ney a - long here be - low;
 2. The world is thy neighbor, poor pil - grim; From the beg - gar so wretched to see,

For my Bi - ble commands me to love him As myself, And my neighbor I'd know;
 To the rich man that rides in his car - riage,— All a - like have a claim up - on thee!

Is it he who sits down at my ta - ble, My brother so dear un - to me,
 Go ye out in the high-ways and hedg-es, The al - leys, the lanes, and the street;

Or my friend who hath done me a fa - vor,— My neighbor, O, where may he
 For ye nev - er have need to stand i - dle The want of a neighbor to

O, WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? Concluded.

25

be?.. Where may he be? Oh! where may he be?.. My neighbor, oh! where may he be?
greet! A neighbor to greet,—A neighbor to greet, The want of a neighbor to greet.

3 Drink deep from sweet charity's fountain;
Little failings in kindness o'erlook;
For our Saviour had pity for others,
And he never his neighbor forsook.

He hath said that a cup of cold water,
If given in the name of the Lord,
In that day when he makes up his jewels,
Shall meet with a tenfold reward!
A tenfold reward, &c.

MELODY, or CHELMSFORD. C. M.

CHAPIN.

I. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; But all their joys are one.
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

8 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

Doxology.—To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

YOUR SAVIOUR WEPT. C. M. Double.

Words by C.
Gently.

JESUS WEPT.—John 11: 35.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet in every trying scene, That wounds the spirit here, To feel that Jesus bore our grief, And know he still is near;

2 He groaned in spirit while he spoke:
“Where have you laid the dead?”
“Lord, come and see,” they murmured low,
He followed where they led;
Beneath a cold sepulchral stone
An only brother slept,
And angels wondered as they gazed,
For lo! the Saviour wept.

3 How oft the prayer our lips would breathe,
The heart alone may speak;
How oft the penitential tear
Bedews the mourner’s cheek:
Poor child of toil, though dark and sad,
Thy weary lot may be,
With few to smooth life’s rugged path,
The Saviour wept for thee.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When I can read my ti-le clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Cho.—I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too,

I want to go where Jesus is, I want to go there too.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—*Cho.*
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Cho.*
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—*Cho.*

THE LAND OF CANAAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Spirited.

1. We journey on to the land above, A land of light and a land of love ; We're strangers here, and the land we're in, Tho' a
2. A lit - tle while in the land below, To that above we will shortly go ; A few more days on the pilgrim road, Then we'll

REFRAIN.

pleasant land, is a land of sin. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan ; Travelling with Abraham, and
rest at home with the Lord our God. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan ; Travelling with Abraham, &c.

Chorus to last verse. We are here, safely here, in the land of Canaan ; Travelling with Abraham, and

Isaac and Jacob, There we shall dwell, There we shall dwell, Ever in the
land of Canaan.

Isaac and Jacob, Here we shall dwell, Here we shall dwell, Ever in the
land of Canaan.

3 And while we pass through the land below,
We'll look to that where we soon shall go ;
And fix our eyes on our Saviour's throne,
We must seek for strength in his grace alone.
We are journeying, &c.

4 When life is done, and its conflict past, ,
The land above we will gain at last,
And shout for joy, as we enter in,
Farewell, farewell to the land of sin !
We are here, safely here, &c.

THE MASTER HAS COME OVER JORDAN.

Extract from a letter from Rev. Wm. Goodell, D.D., of Constantinople, Turkey, to Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York :

"I come to ask a special favor of you, viz: that you will see that 'sweet singer in Israel' and composer, Mr. —, and ask him to make a tune for that beautiful hymn beginning with 'The Master hath come over Jordan.' The tune should be a very simple one and suited to the popular ear, that all the Christian mothers in the world may learn to sing it by hearing it once. We shall pray that Brother — may be where John was 'on the Lord's day' (not in exile, but in the Spirit); and may be assisted to make a tune which shall be sung in every land by every tongue, not only till the beginning of the Millennium, but straight through till the very end of it, and even far beyond."

Words by JULIA GILL.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a G and a sharp sign). The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano (right hand), and the bottom staff is for the piano (left hand/bass). The lyrics are written below the corresponding musical lines.

1. "The Mas-ter has come ov - er Jor-dan," Said Hannah, the mother one day; "He is healing the people who
 strong him, With a touch of his fin - ger, they say; And now I shall car - ry the children—Little
 Rachel, and Samuel, and John, And dear lit-tle Esther, the ba - by, For the Master to look up - on."

THE MASTER HAS COME. Concluded.

29

2 The father then looked at her kindly,
And said, as he tenderly smiled,
"Now, who but a fond loving mother
Would think of a project so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying with fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many around us who dwell."

3 "Nay, nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
And if to the Master I tell it,
That burden He'll help me to bear;
If He lay but His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them each as they go."

4 So, over the mountains of Judah,
Along with the vines all so green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
With the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word;
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

5 "Now why shouldst thou hinder the master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these!
Thou knowest from morn until evening
He is teaching and healing disease."
Said Jesus: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
Then He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He sat on His knee.

6 The care-stricken heart of the mother
Was lifted all sorrow above,

His hands kindly laid on the children,
He blest them with holiest love:
And said of the babes on his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."
Then strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her Spirit was given.

O COME AND BE HAPPY,

1 O come and be happy with Jesus,
For why should we longer delay,
The pleasures of time that surround us,
Like shadows are passing away;
His spirit is earnestly pleading,
How tenderly sweet is the call,
Then come and partake of the message
He offers so freely to all.

2 O come and be happy with Jesus,
Who died that his children might live,
To those who by faith will receive him,
The water of life He will give;
Come, learn at the feet of the Saviour,
How great His compassion and love,
Be willing His footsteps to follow,
And lay up our treasure above.

3 Our hearts He will guard in His keeping,
Our strength He will daily renew,
His beautiful star is before us,
Then gladly our journey pursue;
O live for a crown of rejoicing,
And live that we ever may share
A place in the mansion of glory,
Our Saviour has gone to prepare.

THE BLESSED SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

ADAPTED TO ANNIVERSARY OR OTHER SABBATH SCHOOL OCCASIONS.

Sprightly and Joyous.

1. Ho-ly and bright in the sweet sunlight, Is the blessed Sabbath morn - ing, And to God our King we will
 2. Fleeting is youth, but the gems of truth That we glean from the sacred pages In our school so dear, tho' the

cres.

glad - ly sing, Who hath caused its glorious dawning, We'll haste away each hap - py day, Our dear companions
 storm is near, Still we'll point to the Rock of Ages, No time we'll waste but gladly haste While the pleasant bells are

CHORUS. cres.

In Unison.

greeting, To our Sunday-School, while the air is cool, 'Tis a pleasant place of meeting! Then away, away, away, a-
 ringing, To the cheerful rule of the Sabbath-School, To the place of prayer and singing. Then away, &c.

1st. | 2d. |

way! On this blessed Sabbath day, Holy and bright in the sweet sunlight, We'll away to the Sabbath School. School.

HOSANNA TO OUR GLORIOUS KING.

31

From CHAPEL MELODIES. C. G. ALLEN.

1. A - dor-ing saints lift up your heads Be-hold the King of kings, Your great deliver - er

and your God Whose word sal-va - tion brings; In loud tri - umphant songs of joy His

CHORUS.

wondrous works proclaim: Ho - san - na to our glorious King, Hosan - na to His name.

2 The mighty Lord, the Prince of peace
He reigns victorious now,
And all the nations of the earth
Shall to his scepter bow;
From wave to wave, from clime to clime
Let every tongue proclaim:
Hosanna to our glorious King,
Hosanna to His name.

3 Ye souls redeemed from sin and death,
Ye bright celestial band
That shout and praise Him day and night
As 'round His throne ye stand,
With you we'll strike our golden harps,
In heaven we'll soon proclaim:
Hosanna to our glorious King,
Hosanna to His name.

LET TO-MORROW TAKE CARE OF TO-MORROW.

"THE MORROW SHALL TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE THINGS OF ITSELF.—Matt. vi, 34.

Words by CHAS. SWAIN.

Music by O. J. WILLARD.

1. Let to-morrow take care of to - morrow;
 2. Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee—

Leave things of the fu -ture a - lone; What's the
 Permit not sus -pi -cion and care.. With in-

use to an - ti - ci - pate sor -row?
 vin - ci - ble bonds to enshrine thee,

Life's troubles come ev - er too soon!... If to
 But bear what God gives thee to bear:... By His

hope o - ver-much be an er -ror,
 Spi - rit sup -port -ed and gladdened,

'Tis one that the wise have pre -ferred: And how
 Be ne'er by forebod -ings de - terred; But

TO-MORROW TAKE CARE OF TO-MORROW. Concluded. 33

oft - en have hearts been in ter - ror
think how hearts have been saddened

Of e - vils that nev - er oc - curred.
By fear of what nev - er oc - curred.

CHORUS.

To - mor - row,... To - mor - row,... Let to - mor - row take care of to - mor - row;

To - mor - row,... To - mor - row,... Let to - mor - row take care of to - mor - row.

8 Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear;

Half our troubles are our own invention,
And often from blessings conferred:
We have shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred.—Cho.

OUR DEAREST FRIEND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus is our dearest friend, So tend-er, tried, and true; His warm love will never end, That love is always new.

CHORUS.

Then hail, all hail to Jesus' name! To save our souls from death he came; And he for-ev- er is the same: O

praise him, praise him ev-er-more. Yes, he for-ev- er is the same: O praise him, praise him ever-more.

2 Jesus is our faithful Guide,
We'll never go astray,
While we linger near his side,
And he directs our way.—Cho.

3 Jesus is our only Guard;
And still his mighty arm,

Tho' the way be rough and hard,
Will keep us safe from harm—Cho.

4 Jesus is our All in All,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
On his name we'll humbly call
And still his praises sing.—Cho.

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

35

From "SILVER CHIME," by permission.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE.

Moderato.

1. No mor-tal eye that land hath seen, Be-yond, beyond the riv-er,
 2. No caukering care nor mor-tal strife, Be-yond, beyond the riv-er,

Its smil-ing val-leys, hills so green,
 But hap-py, nev-er-end-ing life,

Be-yond, be-yond the riv-er. Its shores are com-ing near-er, The skies are growing clear-er, Each
 Be-yond, be-yond the riv-er. Thro'the e-ter-nal hours, God's love, in heavenly show-ers, Shall

REFRAIN.

day it seem-eth dear-er, That land beyond the riv-er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm. Its
 wa-ter faith's fair flow-ers In the land beyond the riv-er. } We'll stand the storm, etc.

rage is al-most o-ver, We'll an-chor in the har-bor soon. In the land beyond the riv-er.

3 That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, etc.
 When we've the crown and kingdom won, Beyond, etc.
 There is eternal pleasure,
 And joys that none can measure.
 For those who have their treasure in the land, etc.

4 When shall we look from Zion's hill, Beyond, etc.
 With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond; etc.
 There angels bright are singing.
 Where golden harps are ringing.
 We ne'er shall cease our singing in the land, etc.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

"HE DIED THAT WE MIGHT LIVE."

Words by Mrs. H. N. BEERS.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Although I am a sin-fil child, Je-sus is my Saviour—With guilt my heart is all defil'd, Jesus died for me.

CHORUS. GIRLS. BOYS.

I sing the love of Jesus--He died for me--He died for me--His precious blood can cleanse us, Once shed on Calvary.

2 Though but a child, I'll do His will,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll hear His voice, and follow still—
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

3 Around my feet is many a snare,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

4 And since His service I've begun,
Jesus is my Saviour—

I'll tell His love to every one,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

5 When all my duties here are done,
Jesus is my Saviour—
He'll take me nearer to His throne,
Jesus died for me.
There I shall be with Jesus.
Who died for me, who died for me,
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.

TRY TO LIVE LIKE JESUS.

37

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

THE SABBATH SCHOLARS' COMPACT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

DUET.



1. Let us all from day to day, Try to live like Je-sus; Hand in hand we'll go, In our path be-low.

CHORUS.



His presence then will be our guide, And ev'ry hour will sweetly glide, And we shall all rejoice, rejoice. And we shall, etc.



2 Love our parents, God's command,
First command with promise,
That we long may live
In the land he'll give.
His presence then will, etc.

3 Let us one and all engage,
That like friends and brothers
We in peace will live,
And our foes forgive,
His presence then will, etc.

4 Let us never do a wrong,
Howsoever tempted;
But in deed and word
Love and serve the Lord,
His presence then will, etc.

CHANT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Father, I know thy ways are just, Al- | though to me un- | known; || O, grant me grace thy love to trust, and cry, | "Thy will be | done."
2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path, Should | wealth and friends be | gone, || Still, with a firm and lively faith, I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
3. Although thy steps I cannot trace, Thy | sovereign right I'll | own; || And, as instructed by thy grace, I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
4. 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie Be- | fore thy gracious | throne, || Concerning every thing to cry "My Father's | will be | done."

DO GOOD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Do good, do good, there is ev - er a way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't
 2. If wealth be yours, then be will - ing to part With a por - tion, at least, of your wealth, And

FULL CHORUS.

wait till to-mor-row, but do it to-day, And to-day when to morrow comes, still. Do good, do good, there's
 prove you are grateful to God from your heart. And your neighbor you love as yourself. Do good, etc.

ev - er a - way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't wait till to - mor - row, but
 do it to - day, And to - day, when to-mor - row comes, still, And to - day, when to-mor - row comes, still.

Words written for this work.

DO GOOD. Concluded.

39

- 8 Perhaps you're poor—and have little to spare,
 There are some not so favored as you ;
If only a shilling—bestow it with care,
 And remember the good it may do.
 Cho.—Do good, etc.

- ¶ Go help the weak, and the erring restore
To the path that in childhood they trod;

And if they repulse you, then try it once more,
Till you lead them to virtue and God.

Cho.—Do good, etc.

- 5 Do good to all, and their burdens bear :
 'Tis the will of your Father in heaven ;
Remember this council—wherever you are,
 That in secret your alms should be given.
 Cho.—Do good, etc.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "1. Glory to thee, my God, this night, Keep me, O keep me King of kings, For all the blessings of the light : Beneath the shadow of thy wings." The music consists of two staves of sixteenth-note patterns.

- 2** Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 8 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.**

- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

- 5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

SONG OF FAITH.

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH, NOT HAVING RECEIVED THE PROMISES." WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS *f*

FULL CHORUS.

REFRAIN.

purifies the heart, And o-vercomes the world.

2 Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
(Oh, for this living faith!)

Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
Happy would I be :

For the gloomy vale of death
His footsteps never trod :
He went to heaven on wings of faith,—
For Enoch walked with God.

3 Had I but the faith of good old Noah,
(Oh, for this living faith!)

Had I but the faith of good old Noah,
Happy would I be :

'Twas by faith he built the ark,
And though by tempest tossed,
It saved him from the waters dark,
When all the world was lost.

* These lines may be sung at the close of the piece, or at the end of each or every other stanza.

SONG OF FAITH. Concluded.

41

- 4** Had I but the faith of faithful Abram,
 (Oh, for this living faith !)
 Had I but the faith of faithful Abram,
 Happy would I be :
 For he left his native plain,
 And sought a stranger land ;
 His only son he would have slain,
 By faith in God's command.
- 5** Had I but the faith and meekness of Moses,
 (Oh, for this living faith !)
 Had I but the faith and meekness of Moses,
 Happy would I be :
 Through the wilderness he trod,
 He, Israel's chosen guide ;
 Yet never lost his faith in God,
 Though oft severely tried.
- 6** Had I but the faith of praying Joshua,
 (Oh, for this living faith !)
 Had I but the faith of praying Joshua,
 Happy would I be :

'Twas by faith he called on God,
 In battle wild and shrill ;
 And in the valley, at his word
 The sun and moon stood still.

- 7** Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
 (Oh, for this living faith !)
 Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
 Happy would I be :
 They were racked with torturing pains,
 Yet brilliant was their faith ;
 It shone above the burning flames,
 Triumphant over death.
- 8** Had I but the faith that never falters,
 (Oh, for this living faith !)
 Had I but the faith that never falters,
 Happy would I be.
 Saviour, may thy grace divine
 This living faith impart ;
 A faith that sweetly works by love,
 And purifies the heart.

THY WILL BE DONE. CHANT.

Fine.

D. C.

1. Thy will be|done ! |, In devious way The hurrying stream of | life may |run ;|| Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
 [Thy will be|done ! |
 2. Thy will be|done ! || If o'er us shine A gladdening and a|prosperous|sun, || This prayer shall make it more divine:—|
 [Thy will be|done ! |
 3. Thy will be|done ! || Though shrouded o'er Our path with gloom, one|comfort,|one, || Is ours—to breathe while we
 adore, |Thy will be|done ! |

BLESSED BIBLE.

"THE WORD HAVE I HID IN MY HEART."—David.

Words by MRS. DOCT. PALMER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

mp

1. Bles - sed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my bo - som cheer! What on
earth like this to co - vet? Oh, what stores of wealth are here! Man was lost and doom'd to
sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his
way was cheer'd by this. Blessed Bi - ble, Blessed Bi - ble, how thou dost my spir-it cheer, cheer.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee ;
 Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
 Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'ring,
 Tell how far thy rovings led.
 When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
 Speaking life as from the dead.
 Blessed Bible ! &c.

4 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep—yes, deeper in this heart ;
 Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
 And in death we will not part.
 Part in death! no, never! never!
 Through death's vale I'll lean on thee ;
 Then in worlds above, forever,
 Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
 Blessed Bible ! &c.

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

INFANT CLASS SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle Lamb, Therefore glad and gay I am ; Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
 All that's good and fair he shows me, Tends me ev'-ry day the same, Even calls me by my name.

2 Out and in I safely go,
 Want or hunger never know,
 Soft green pastures He discloseth,
 Where his happy flock reposeth ;
 When I faint or thirsty be,
 To the brook he leadeth me.

3 Should not I be glad and gay?
 In this blessed fold all day ;
 By this Holy Shepherd tended,
 Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
 Bear me to the world of light?
 Yes! oh, yes, my lot is bright!

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

LITTLE ARTHUR BAIN, with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, uttered these words in the class-room :

Words by Rev. J. G. CHAFEE.

Melody by PHILLIP PHILLIPS. Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. "I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill."

Tho' all beneath is dark as death,
For the Saviour whispers, "Love me;" Yet the stars are bright a-

bove me. Then upward still to Zion's Hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path before, Shines more and more, As it

REFRAIN.

1st SEMI-CHORUS.

2d SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

nears the golden ci - ty. I'm climbing up Zion's hill, I'm climbing up Zion's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's
hill.

2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me ;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time,
I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion :
For I am sure,
The way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion." Cho.

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together ;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still
God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals ;
Where raptured tongues
Proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals. Cho.

PRECIOUS IS THE TIME.

W. B. BRADBURY. 45

GIRLS.

ALL.

GIRLS.

ALL.

1. We must labor while 'tis day, Precious is the time :
2. Do we try the right to choose. Precious is the time ;

Soon the light will fade away, Precious is the time ;
Not a moment should we loose, Precious is the time ;

Whatso-e'er we find to do, Let us with our might pursue, Keeping still one thought in view, Precious is the time.
Life is like a morning flower, Blooming in a fragrant bower, Drooping, dying in an hour, Precious is the time.

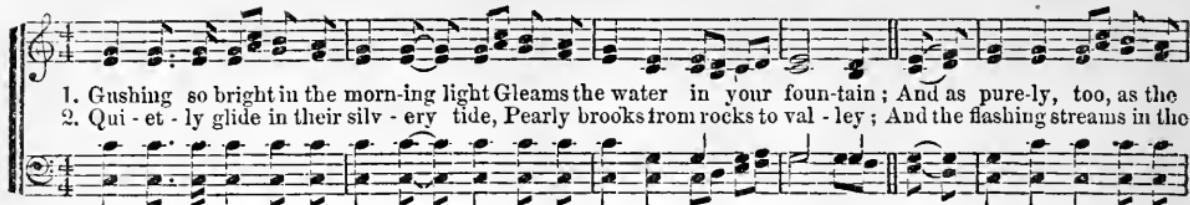
FULL CHORUS.

Precious is the time, friends! Precious is the time, friends! We must la-bor while 'tis day. Precious is the time.

3 Have we sought our Father's love?
Precious is the time ;
Live we for our home above?
Precious is the time :
Do we daily kneel in prayer,
Thanking God for all his care,
Grateful for the gifts we share?
Precious is the time —*Cho.*

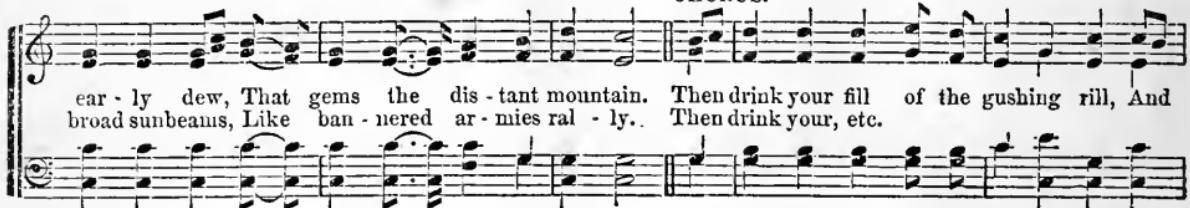
4 We must labor while 'tis day,
Precious is the time ;
Soon the light will fade away,
Precious is the time ;
Whatsoe'er we find to do,
Let us with our might pursue,
Keeping still one thought in view,
Precious is the time.—*Cho.*

Words written for this work.

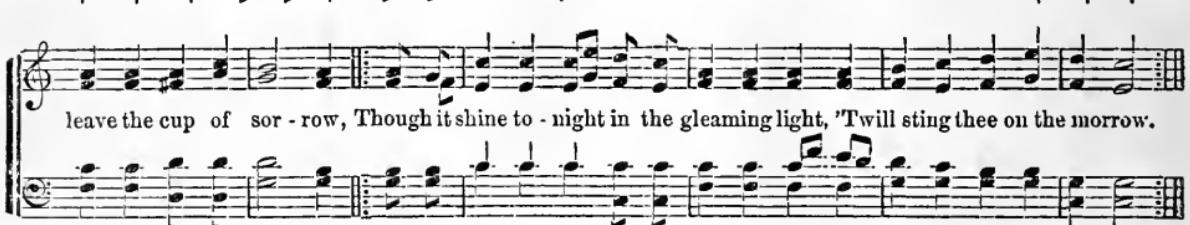


1. Gushing so bright in the morn-ing light Gleams the water in your foun-tain ; And as pure-ly, too, as the
2. Qui - et - ly glide in their silv - ery tide, Pearly brooks from rocks to val - ley ; And the flashing streams in the

CHORUS.



ear - ly dew, That gems the dis - tant mountain. Then drink your fill of the gushing rill, And
broad sunbeams, Like ban - nered ar - mies ral - ly.. Then drink your, etc.



leave the cup of sor - row, Though it shine to - night in the gleaming light, 'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

3 Touch not the wine, though it brightly shine,
When a purer draught is given ;
A gift so sweet our wants to meet,
A beverage bright from heaven.
CHO.—Then drink your fill, etc.

4 O fountain clear, with a heart sincere,
We will praise thy glorious Giver :
And when we rise to our native skies,
We'll drink of life's brighter river.
CHO.—Then drink your fill, etc.

* Words adapted for this work.

THE COOLING SPRING.

47

Opposite our chamber window is a clear, cool, never failing spring ; and, running merrily along by its side, yet entirely disconnected from it, is a sprightly, bubbling, singing little brook, whose music lulls us to sleep at night, and gently awakens us at early dawn.—*The Parsonage.* Mont Clair, July 1864.

SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. (1st Semi-Chorus.) O, a good-ly thing is the cooling spring, By the rock where the moss doth grow; There is .
2. (2d Semi-Chorus.) And as pure as heaven is the wa - ter given, And its stream is for - ev - er new; 'Tis dis -



health in the tide, and there's music beside, In the brooklet's bounding flow.) f Merry, merry,
tilled in the sky, and it drops from on high, In the showers and gentle.....) dew, pp Ripple, ripple,



lit - tle spring, Sparkle on, Sparkle on, Merry, merry, lit - tle spring, Sparkle on for me.
sily'ry brook, Ripple on, Ripple on, Ripple, ripple, silv'ry brook, Ripple on for me.



3 Let them say 'tis weak, but it's strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway;
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
And it laughs as it bounds away. Cho.

4 O, I love to drink from the foaming brink,
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring :
For the bright drops that shine more refreshing
than wine,
And its praise, its praise we'll sing. Cho.

BRIGHT MANSIONS.

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE."—Prov. 17, 22.

1st 2d [REFRAIN.]

1. { "I feel like singing all the time," My heart with joy is ringing; } O happy they who reach that place
Since Jesus hath my sins forgiven, I'm happiest when I'm singing. } Where
sorrow cometh nev - er; Who rest within his lov-ing arms For-ev - er and for - ev - er. ev - er.

2 Since I have found a Saviour's love,
To him my hopes are clinging;
I feel so happy all the time,
My heart is always singing.—Cho.

3 A light I never knew before,
Around my path is breaking,
And cheerful songs of grateful praise,
My raptured soul is waking.—Cho.

4 I see in heaven some mansions bright,
The noonday soon outshining;

For those who feel the Saviour's love
Around their hearts entwining.—Cho.

5 "I feel like singing all the time,"
I have no thought of sadness;
When Jesus washed my sins away,
He tuned my heart to gladness.—Cho.

6 Each moment, as it glides away,
Some new delight is bringing;
Redeeming love, O blessed theme,
My heart is always singing.—Cho.

* The Refrain may be sung after every second stanza.

GOLDEN HILL. C. M.

WESTERN TUNE.

49

Slow.

1. With humble heart and tongue, My God. to thee I pray : O bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv-ing way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

AWAKE, AND SING.

1 Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

DISMISSION.

1 Once more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, every heart;
Sing every tongue the same.

2 May we receive his word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.
Spirited and Energetic.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Go forth, young soldier of the Cross, The bat - tle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the ar - mor
 2. Be watchful, ar - my of the Cross, The foe is lurking nigh; A soul must be the mighty

on, And sworn to do or die. Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound re - treat While Je - sus leads us
 loss, If but one soldier die. Whene'er you dare the hos - tile ranks, For - get not that with -

FULL CHORUS.

on: We will not lay our weapons by Un - til we wear the crown. A beauti - ful crown is waiting for
 in There hides a most ter - ri - fic foe, The wi - ly "inbred sin." A beauti - ful crown, &c.

you, Far a-way in the promis'd land; A beautiful crown is waiting for me, Far a - way in the promised land.

YOUNG SOLDIER OF THE CROSS. Concluded.

51

- 3 On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Through all the weary night,
With praise and prayer relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright.
Your Jesus once, "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you ;
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

- 4 Rejoice, young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure ;
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure ;
Your weary feet shall walk the street
All paved with gold, on high ;
And he who wore a crown of thorns,
Will crown you in the sky
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS.

MISSIONARY SONG.—Tune, "Young Soldier."

- 1 The sacred banner of the Cross,
The pledge of victory won
By him who in his anguish cried,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
Ye, who have borne through many a field
Its blood-stained colors fair,
Go where your dear Redeemer trod,
And plant that standard there,
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

- Its chords are mute—their song no more
Awakes the trembling air ;
Yet Jesus trod those lovely wilds :
Go plant that standard there.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

- 2 On Jordan's bank, on Olives' mount,
And all those dewy plains
Where Judah's harp in happier times
Rang out its tuneful strains :

- 3 Jerusalem shall yet rejoice
To hail Messiah's reign ;
The solitary place be glad,
The desert bloom again ;
Her ruin'd towers, her crumbled walls,
Their ancient glory wear ;
The crescent to the Cross shall bend,
Go plant that standard there.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

FOR CLOSING SCHOOL.

TUNE.—OLD HUNDRED.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (The gos-pel ship is sail-ing, sail-ing, sail-ing, The gos-pel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore .
All who would ship for glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor.)

Glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! All on board are sweetly singing, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

2 She has landed many thousands,
Thousands, thousands,
She has landed many thousands,
On fair Canaan's happy shore;
And thousands now are sailing,
Sailing, sailing,
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
Glory, hallelujah, etc.

3 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along.

Her company are singing,
Singing, singing.
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Glory, hallelujah, etc.

4 Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea ;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy.
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Glory, hallelujah, etc.

YOUNG PILGRIMS.

53

Words by LYDIA BAXTER.

SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st (Life's journey we have started, Its opening dawn is bright; And if we're merry-hearted, We'll tune our songs aright.)
 2d (The flow'r's that blossom ever Around our pilgrim feet, With ho - ly joy we'll gather, And sip their dewy sweet.)

FULL CHORUS.

We are going to fields e - lys - ian, Far, far beyond the sky; The golden gates of hea - ven Will

o - pen by-and - by, Will o - pen by - and - by, Will o - pen by - and - by, The golden gates of

hea - ven will o - pen by - and - by.

2 With cheerful steps we'll hasten,
 Nor list the tempter's charms;
 But to the spirit listen
 That calls to Jesus' arms.
 'Twill make life's burden lighter
 To feel God's gracious love;

And every precept brighter
 That points to realms above. Cho.

3 His holy book will ever
 Our onward footsteps guide,

Until we reach our Saviour,
 And anchor near his side,
 And when we meet our Jesus,
 And tears are wiped away,
 We'll take the harp he gives us,
 And shout and sing for aye.
 Cho. We've reached the fields elysian,
 The Eden of the blest;
 With angels now in heaven
 The pilgrims are at rest.

TRY TO BE LIKE JESUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gentle.

1. We'll try to be like Je-sus, The children's precious Friend, Far dearer than a mother, A
2. We'll try to be like Je-sus, In bo-dy and in mind; For pure he was and ho-ly, In



GIRLS.



sister, or a brother, He'll love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like
temper meek and lowly, And to poor sinners kind, And to poor sinners kind. We'll try to be &c.

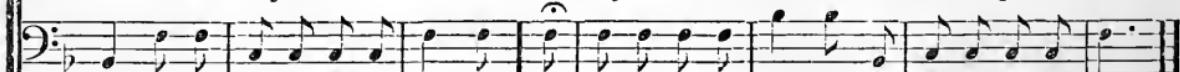


Boys.

ALL.



Je-sus, We'll try to be like Je-sus, We'll try to be like Je-sus, The children's preeious Friend.



3 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will;
We'll seek His strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.—*Cho.*

4 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At His right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story
The ransomed sing on high --*Cho.*

THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

55

"GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."—"THE HARVEST TRULY IS GREAT, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Spirited.

1. Go work to-day in the vineyard of the Lord, Work, work to-day, Work, work to-day; To those who toil he has promised a reward.

Work, work to-day, work to-day; For a crown of life you may win and wear. In your father's house there are mansions fair. Go

work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work in the vineyard of the Lord, Go work in the vineyard of the Lord.

2 Go seek the lost who have wandered from the fold,
Work, work to-day, work, work to-day;
In guilt and sin they perhaps are growing old,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
For a word may fall or a tear may start,
That will find its way to some grateful heart.
Go work to-day, etc.

|| 3 Glad news, glad news to a lowly one proclaim,
Work, work to-day, work, work to-day;
Good will to man, through a dying Saviour's name,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
O, the time is short, it will soon be o'er,
And the night will come ye can work no more.
Go work to-day, etc.

“THE BETTER PART.”

“MARY HATH CHOSEN THAT GOOD PART, WHICH SHALL NOT BE TAKEN FROM HER”—Luke 10: 48-52.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

DUET. Gentle.

1. Ma-ry sat at the feet of Jesus,

Heeding nought but his holy teaching :
Lowly, meek—with an humble heart,

She had chosen the better part.

CHORUS.

Mary's part was the better part, Sitting at the feet of Jesus ; There, with an humble, a broken heart,

I would choose that better part.

2 Cares that long with their weight oppressed her,
Tears that oft to her eyes would start,

All were lost in a beam of comfort :

She had chosen the better part.—Cho.

Came the words of her blessed Saviour,
“She hath chosen the better part.”—Cho.3 Like a stream in a lonely desert,
Cool and sweet to the yearning heart,4 Jesus, now at thy footstool kneeling,
Grant thine aid to my longing heart,
May sing with the blest in glory,
I have chosen the better part.—Cho.

* The small notes in the base are for the voice, when it is more desirable to have a vocal base than a mere instrumental accompaniment.

MAN THE LIFE BOAT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

57

Quick and Spirited.

End.

End.

Rit.

Rit.

D.C.

On the billows feathery height; Now 'midst fearful depths descending, While we wither at the sight.

D.C.

2 Courage! courage! she's in safety!

See again her buoyant form,

By his gracious hand uplifted,

Who controls the raging storm.

With her precious cargo freighted,

Now the life-boat nears the shore;

Parents, brethren, friends, embraclug,

Those they thought to see no more.

3 Christian, pause, and deeply ponder;

Is there nothing you can do?

The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
Have they not a voice for you?

There's a storm, a fearful tempest—

Souls are sinking in despair :

There's a shore of blessed refuge,

Try, O try to guide them there.

4 O, remember Him who saved you,

Whose right hand deliverance wrought.

Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,

You to peace and safety brought ;

'Tis his voice who cheers you onward—

" He that winneth souls is wise ;"

Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat ;

Venture all to win the prize.

“A GROUP OF HAPPY CHILDREN.”

Spirited.

1. (A group of happy children, One bright and sunny day,) Along the fields and meadows, Where buds and blossom
Were tripping, lightly tripping To Sabbath-school a-way, grew; Their hearts were full of gladness, Of gladness, of gladness, Their hearts were full of gladness, Their faces smiling, too.

2.

How pleasant to behold them,
To hear the tuneful lay,
While tripping, lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away,
Their little merry voies
Rang sweetly on the breeze,
And mingled with the robin,
The robin, the robin,
And mingled with the robin,
That sang among the trees.

3.

What made the children happy,
What made their hearts so gay,
While tripping, lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away?

They loved the blessed Bible,
They loved the house of prayer,
For there they hear of Jesus,
Of Jesus, of Jesus,
For there they hear of Jesus,
And learn to praise him there.

4.

Then let us all remember,
And keep this holy day,
And when we're lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away,
We'll thank our heavenly Father
For his own word of Truth;
We'll give our hearts to Jesus,
To Jesus, to Jesus,
We'll give our hearts to Jesus.
And serve him in our youth.

WHERE THERE IS NO PARTING.

59

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER.

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore? The land forever bright and fair, Where
2. Shall I, un - worthy I, To fear and doubting given, Mount up at last, and happy fly, On

CHORUS.

sor - row reigns no more? Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing,
an - gel's wings to heaven. Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing, &c.

Where there is no parting, And sorrow reigns no more.

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies !
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. *Chorus.*

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past ;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last. *Chorus.*

THE LITTLE BAND.

Words by C.

Gently, in Ballad-style.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. || 2d.

1. (Do you know the little band Gathered in our school to-day? Did you see them hand in hand Hither bend their way?
All are happy, all are glad, Hearts are bounding with delight, Not a single brow is sad, Every eye is bright.)

CHORUS. More Spirited.

Then go with me to the Sabbath-school,
The blessed, blessed Sabbath-school,

Go with me to the Sabbath-school,
The blessed Sabbath-school.

2.

Did you hear their gentle lay,
Telling of redeeming love,
Sweetly wafted far away,
To the courts above?
Would you live forever blest,
With your Saviour and your God?
Would you on his bosom rest,
Tread the paths He trod?
Then go with me, etc.

3.

Can you with those children kneel
In the Sabbath-school to-day?
Do you humbly, truly feel
Every word they say?
Is a glistening tear-drop seen
Trickling down your cheek the while?
In its penitential beam,
View a Father's smile.
Then go with me, etc.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

"AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS."

61

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Go and tell Je-sus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur-den, make thee whole;

Look up to Him, He on-ly can for-give, Be-lieve on Him, and thou shalts surely live.

CHORUS.

{ Go and tell Je-sus, He on-ly can forgive,

{ Go and tell Je-sus, O turn to him and live. }

Go and tell Je-sus, Go and tell Je-sus,

Go and tell Je-sus, He on-ly can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might have. Cho.

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears.
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears:
He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest. Cho.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY.—*Hebrews xi. 14.*

1. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where white-robed an - gels are ; Where
 2. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where my Re - deem - er reigns, Where
 3. I love to think of the heavenly land, The saints, e - ter - nal home, Where

REFRAIN.

many a friend is gathered safe From fear, and toil, and care, There'll be no
 rapturous songs of tri - umph rise In end - less joy - ous strains. There'll be &c.
 palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one. There'll be, &c.

part - ing. There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting there.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 The greetings there we'll meet,
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets
 There'll be no, &c.

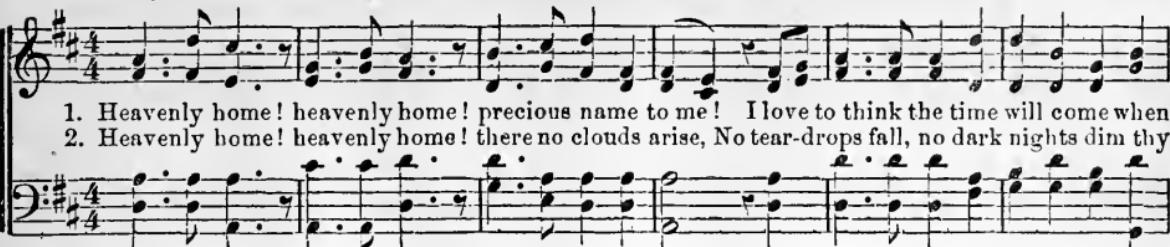
5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
 That promised land so fair,
 O, how my raptured spirit longs
 To be forever there!
 There'll be no, &c.

HEAVENLY HOME!

Words by Miss F. W. SAMPSON.

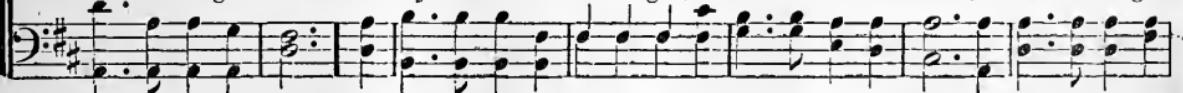
63.

E. ROBERTS.



Fine.

I shall rest in thee. I've no a-biding city here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrim-ever-smiling skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often come; And, oh, I long to



D. C. for Chorus. 8 Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,

Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for all is peace at home.

I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now he calls me home.

Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, &c.



age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
see the light That gilds my heavenly home.



THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

Words by H. S. WASHBURN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro.

1. Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice and sing; Let cho-rai anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and children bring To
 2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known; And earth subdued to him, shall yet Bow

God your sa - cri - fice, For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors
 low be - fore his throne, For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and, etc,

sound - ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise: While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills A

glorious anthem raise. Let each prolong the grate-ful song. And the God of our fathers praise, Let
 each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise.

1st. || 2d.

WEARY OF WANDERING LONG.

65

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON, UTICA, N. Y.

Psalm 25, 4-12.

Very Gentle and Tender.

End.

1. Weary of wand'ring long, My sore heart saith, "Show me Thy way, O Lord! Teach me Thy path!"
D.C. Weary of wand'ring long, &c.

End.

I thought these weary feet Straightway would find All rough and rugged paths Left far be hind.

D. C.

2 But, as I onward passed,
The way grew steep;
And black clouds gathered fast,
And skies did weep,
And darkness seemed to hide
The toilsome road;
Amazed, again I cried,
"Thy way, O God!"

3 "A lamp unto my feet,"
God's word did prove;
A "still, small voice," and sweet,
Spoke thus in love:—

"Whoso, through night and day,
God's way pursues,
'Him shall He teach the way
That He shall choose.'"

4 Then, since He chose for me
This rugged path,
My hand in His shall be
With steadfast faith:
Each step, this darksome night.
Is bringing me
Still nearer to the bright
Eternity.

With gentleness.

1 (A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free,)
 (The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair, And [Omit]) beauti - ful an - gels too, are there.

CHORUS.

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me! Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land.

- 2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
 It ne'er has known the shades of night:
 The glory of God, the light of day
 Hath driven the darkness far away. Cho.
 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its beautiful gates I too behold,

- The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. Cho.
 4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
 In rapture range the plains of light;
 And in one harmonious choir they praise
 Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Cho.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.
Lively.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. There is a home, a happy home, A beauteous mansion fair; The poor in spirit rest from toil, The pure in heart are there;

THE HEAVENLY HOME. Concluded.

67

Among the shining angel band, With victor palms in every hand, On Zion's holy mount they stand, And crowns of life they [wear.]

2 And gathered in that sacred fold,
Are children robed in white;
Transplanted from a world of sin,
To climes forever bright;
Beyond the pearly gates they sing
Hosanna to our Saviour, King!
Their choral voices sweetly sing,
In strains of pure delight.

3 Sing on, sing on, O happy throng,
That song forever new;
While pilgrims in this lonely vale,
Our journey we'll pursue;
We soon shall reach the heavenly shore,
Our trials past our journey o'er,
We'll dwell with Jesus evermore,
And sing his praise with you.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Glory to the Father give, God, in whom we move and live : Children's songs delight his ear.
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;

Children's mind may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

SEEKING JESUS..

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Thro' the world we dai-ly roam, Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus; } { In all plae - es high or low - ly, }
 { None in vain for this have come, Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus, } { 'Mid the sin-ful and the ho - ly, }

DUET.

CHORUS. GIRLS.

GIRLS & BOYS.

ALL.

Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus. We shall find Him, We shall find Him, We shall find Him, if we seek, He will hear us when we speak; He will an - swer us in love, Take us home to dwell a - bove.

seek, He will hear us when we speak; He will an - swer us in love, Take us home to dwell a - bove.

2 If our days on earth are spent

Seeking Jesus,

With all things we'll be content,

Seeking Jesus:

Though our path be lone and dreary,
Though our steps be slow and weary,

Seeking Jesus.

We shall find Him, etc.

3 Soon our life will all be o'er,

Seeking Jesus;

We shall reach the better shore,

Seeking Jesus;

In that land of peace and pleasure,
We've laid up our dearest treasure,

Seeking Jesus.

. We shall find Him, etc.

AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

WM. B. BRADBURY. **69**

DIALOGUE SONG.

QUESTION.

1. What do you do at the Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school? What do you do at the Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school?

ANSWER.

hap-py Sabbath school? (First we sing a song of praise, Then in prayer our voices raise,
Then we each our les-son say, Closing with an - oth-er lay,) That's what we do at the

Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school, That's what we do at the Sabbath school, At the happy Sabbath school,
At the Sabbath school,

2 What do you learn at the Sabbath school,
At the happy Sabbath school?

First we learn Commandments Ten,
God's laws sent by him to men:
Then what Christ did here below
To redeem our souls from woe.

That's what we learn at the Sabbath school,
At the happy Sabbath school.

3 Why do you all love the Sabbath school,
Love the happy Sabbath school?

There we with our Saviour meet,
At the blood-bought mercy-seat;
Where he ever whispers, "Come
To thy blissful heavenly home."

That's why we all love the Sabbath school,
Love the happy Sabbath school.

JUST NOW.

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LANDED, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."—Matt. 11: 28.

"BEHOLD NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME—BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION."—1 Cor. 6: 2.

Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

1. Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

2. He will save you, just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

3. O believe him, just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—Heb. 7: 25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." 2 Pet. 3: 9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

7. Flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—Matt. 3: 7.

8. Call unto Him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

* This little Chorus has been the means of helping many an inquiring sinner to embrace the Saviour, believe and trust Him.—"It was," says Rev. Mr. Hammond, "first sung in Scotland, when hundreds were asking, 'what shall we do to be saved?'

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—Mark 10: 47.

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—Mark 10: 52.

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 John 1: 9.

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." 2 Cor. 5: 17.

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—Rev. 3: 5.

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—John 15: 13.

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—Isa. 53: 3.

17. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—John 5: 12.

OUR BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

71

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies,

Where the fount of joy is flowing In the valley green and fair, We shall dwell in love together, There will be no parting there.

We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies. Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.

2 We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird ;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

3 We are going, we are going,
Where the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before ;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair ;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Matt. 7: 24, 25.

1. O, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand for - ev - er; The floods may come, and the
 2. For He whose word is lasting as the hills, Whose truth is unchang - ing ev - er; Hath said my house on the

rolling thunder's shock May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,
 solid rock shall stand, He'll hold it by his might in the hollow of his hand, And it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,

FULL CHORUS.

nev - er, nev - er, nev - er. My rock is firm, it is my sure founda - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ, my

My rock is firm, is firm,

cres., f

lov - ing Saviour, Jesus Christ, my lov - ing Saviour, The rock of my sal - va - tion, The rock of my sal - va - tion.

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK. Concluded.

73

3 O, if my house is built upon the sand.
 'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
 The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
 And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
 And it surely will fall—never to rise,
 Never, never, never!—*Cho.*

4 Then let my house be built upon a rock.
 For there it will stand forever;
 The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock
 May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock.
 But it never will fall, never will fall.
 Never, never, never!—*Cho.*

MEROE. L. M.

W. B. BRADEBURY.

1. Jesus, and shall it ev-er be—A mortal man ashamed of thee!
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days,
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,—
 That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our comforts and our cares,

3 We share our mutual woes
 Our mutual burdens bear,
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way :
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

"I'LL GLADLY SING."

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.
Spirited.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

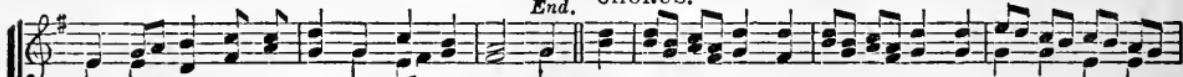


1. Happy and gay, I will hast-en away, While the sun is shining o'er me; To the pleas-ant rule of my
2. Blessed the day, that without de-lay, All my young companions meet-ing, And my teachers kind there I

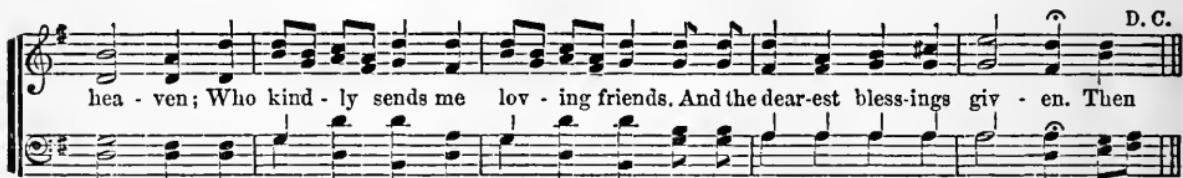
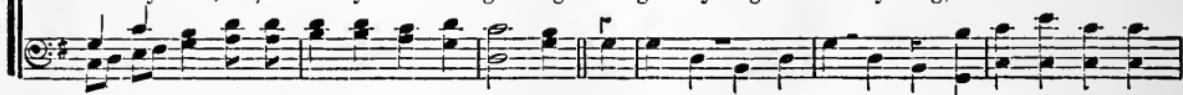


D.C. Happy and gay, I will hast-en away, While the sun is shining o'er me; To the pleas-ant rule, etc.

End. CHORUS.



Sunday-school, And the duties set be - fore me. I'll glad - ly sing of God my King, Who loves me, up in
al - ways find; Oh, I dear - ly love their greeting. I'll glad - ly sing of God my King, etc.



3 Pleasant the rays of the sweet Sabbath days,
That will soon be gone forever;
O my Sabbath-school, my dear Sabbath-school,
I can ne'er forget thee, never.
I'll gladly sing, etc.

4 Dear heavenly home, soon the time will come,
That the world no more entralls me;
Then I'll mind thy rule, blessed Sabbath-school,
And await till my Saviour calls me.
I'll gladly sing, etc.

MY PILGRIM WAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

75

Gently.

1. Je - sus, while this rough and des-ert soil I tread, Be thou my guide and stay; Nerve

me for con-flict and for all the toil; Up-hold me on my pilgrim way. My pilgrim

A little more spirited.

way, My pilgrim way, Uphold me on my pilgrim way. way.

way, My pilgrim way,..... My pilgrim way, Uphold me on my pilgrim way. way.

2 Jesus, here in heaviness and fear,
 'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray;
 For earth's last night is drawing very near;
 Oh, cheer me on my pilgrim way!
 My pilgrim way, etc.

3 Jesus, while in solitude and grief,
 The sun and stars withhold their ray,
 O come, O quickly come to my relief!
 Oh, light me on my pilgrim way!
 My pilgrim way, etc.

LOUDEST SONGS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"WHEN THE SIX DAYS' WORK IS O'ER AND DONE."



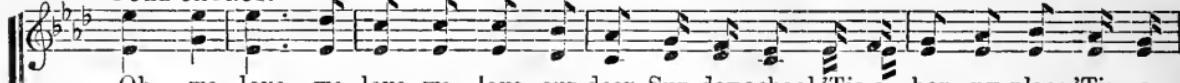
1. When the six days work is o'er and done, And the soft light shines of the Sabbath sun, Gladly
 2. Though our homes are bright, with cheerful heart We can say good-bye as we gen-tly part With our



then we haste with mer - ry feet To the Sun - day school and its calm re-treat.
 pa - rents dear, and haste a - way To the Sun - day school where we love to stay.



FULL CHORUS.



Oh, we love, we love, we love our dear Sun-day school, 'Tis a hap-py place, 'Tis a



blessed place. Loudest songs, yes, loudest songs of joy we raise For our blessed Sunday school.



LOUDEST SONGS. Concluded.

77

- 3 On our heavenly way, so green and fair
We are kindly led by our teachers there,
And we read with them the page of truth,
'Tis the light of age and the guide of youth.
 Oh, we love, etc.

- 4 Oh, then urge them in—the wan, the wild,
Yes, the poor, the wayward, the erring child,—
For our doors are open for one and all.
There's a welcome for each in our Sabbath hall.
 Oh, we love, etc.

Words by Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN. THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH;"—*1 Tim.* 6, 12.

Arranged.

A musical score for 'The Battle Cry of Freedom' in 2/4 time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are: "1. Live on the field of bat-tle! Be earnest in the fight; Stand forth with manly courage, And struggle for the right. 2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev-erywhere; His fi - ery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air,". The music consists of two staves of eighth-note chords.

1. Live on the field of bat-tle! Be earnest
in the fight ; Stand forth with manly courage. And struggle for the right.
2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is
everywhere : His fi - ery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air,

2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev-erywhere; His fi-ery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air,

FULL CHORUS.

Ending for last verse.

A musical score for 'The Battle Chorus' featuring two staves. The top staff shows the vocal parts for 'Tenor' and 'Bass' in G major, 2/4 time. The bottom staff shows the piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics 'Live on the field of battle! Live on the field of bafile! Live on the field of battle! Live! live! live! Glo-ry in view. Watch on the field of battle! Watch on the field of battle! Watch on the field of battle! Watch! watch! watch!' are written below the staves.

Live on the field of battle ! Live on the field of battle ! Live on the field of battle ! Live ! live ! live ! *Glo-ry in view.*
Watch on the field of battle ! Watch on the field of battle ! Watch on the field of battle ! Watch ! watch ! watch !

- 3 Pray on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray,
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray on the field of battle!
Pray, pray, pray!

- 4 Die on the field of battle!
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers—
Their record is on high.
Die on the field of battle!
Glory in view!

POOR PILGRIM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (Come, poor pil - grim, sad and wea - ry, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming this wide world so drea - ry,
There is rest for thee in glo - ry, A - mong the blest; List-en to the joy - ful sto - ry,

Sigh - ing for rest.) There is rest, sweetrest, There is rest, sweetrest, Where the wicked cease from
There, there is rest.) There is rest, sweetrest, There is rest, sweetrest, Where the wicked cease from

troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

2 There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest.
There the golden harps are ringing
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest.—*Chorus.*

3 And, while we on earth are praying,
Jesus the blest
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest.
We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever
In heavenly rest.—*Chorus.*

OUR PLEASANT SABBATH SCHOOL. WM. B. BRADBURY. 79

Spirited.

A little slower.

1. Where, O where do we love to go, When the wintry breezes blow? What is it attracts us so?
2. Where, O where do we love to be, When the summer birds we see, Warbling praise on every tree?

CHORUS.

GIRLS.—*Original movement.* BOYS.—*A little louder.* ALL. *f*

'Tis our Sabbath school, 'Tis our Sabbath school, 'Tis our pleasant, pleasant Sab - bath school.
 In our Sabbath school, In our Sabbath school, In our pleasant, pleasant Sab - bath school.

8 Where, oh where are we kindly taught,
 Who should rule in every thought;
 What the blood of Christ has bought?
 In our Sabbath school, &c.

4 May we love this holy day ;
 Love to sing, and read and pray ;
 Find salvation's narrow way.
 In our Sabbath school, &c.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There'll be something in heaven for children to do; None are i - dle in that blessed land.

There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind, And employment for each little hand.

FULL CHORUS.

There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for children to do.

On the bright shining shore, where there's joy evermore, There'll be something for children to do.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

81

2. There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,
As they wander the green meadows o'er;
And they'll have for their teachers in that blestabode,
All the good that have gone there before.
There'll be something to do, &c.
- 3 There'll be errands of love from the mansions above,
To the dear ones that linger below;
And it may be our Father the children will send
To be angels of mercy in woe.
There'll be something to do, &c.

OH ! MAKE ME THINE.

In chanting style.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. My Fa - ther, I would be thy child, I know I'm sin - ful way - ward, wild;
2. With patienee I the rae have run, Not look-ing baek when onee be - gun.

To thee I would be re - eon - eiled, Oh! make me, Oh! make me thine.
And seek sal - va - tion through thy Son, And make me, Oh! make me thine.

3 The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

4 Make me to love thee more and more,
Thy holy spirit on me pour;
Grant me of grae a plenteous store,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine,

SCATTER SMILES AS YOU GO.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way, Thro' this world of toil and care; Like the

CHORUS.

beams of the morning that gently play, They will leave a sunlight there. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, bright smiles,

smiles as you pass on your way, Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles, bright smiles,
Scatter smiles, Scatter smiles, Scatter smiles as you pass on your way.
bright smiles, bright smiles,

2 Scatter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but little they cost;
But your heart may never know
What a joy they may carry to weary ones
Who are pale with want and woe.—*Cho.*

3 Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the grave of the past,
Where the orphan's treasure lies;
In the tear-drop that glistens there light will shine,
As the rainbow paints the skies.—*Cho.*

STEPHENS. Concluded.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

LOVELY ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME, AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE"—Isaiah 60, 1.
FULL CHORUS.

1 (Zion! bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are, And thy towers majestic stand!)
Cit-y of our God, now our blest abode In this free and (*Omit.....*) happy land. O Zi - on, dear Zion,

lovely and fair, In thy beauty now appear! Arise, and shine, for thy light is come, And the glory of the Lord is upon thee.

2 Now the Isles of these sea looking imploring to thee
For the gospel's joyful sound!

And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands
For the Word which you have found.—*Cho.*

3 Let the Word go forth to the south and north,
And thy light be seen afar,

Till the east and west with the rays are blest
Of the bright and morning star.—*Cho.*

4 Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran;

And all nations join in the song divine—
Peace on earth, good will to man. *Cho.*

CHORUS.

(Welcome, kind friends and teachers dear, Ye who have toiled from year to year,) the tender lambs,
To lead us up the heavenly way, And teach us how to watch and pray. Bring in the lambs, O bring them,

bring them in to Jesus' fold. Bring in the lambs, the tender lambs, O bring them, bring them in to Jesus' fold.

2 "Soon ye shall reap if ye faint not;"

(O, let that truth be ne'er forgot;)

"Wait on the Lord,"—"your strength renew,"

"Be zealous," and be hopeful, too.—Cho.

8 Bring in the lambs, while yet ye may,

Ere Satan claims them for his prey:

So "ye shall shine as stars of light,"

In yonder heaven so fair and bright.—Cho.

4 High, high the heavenly rapture burns,

Whene'er a prodigal returns!

Strive, strive that rapture to prolong,

Till earth shall echo back the song!—Cho.

LA MIRA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How happy is the youth who hears Instructions warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice,

- 2 For she has treasure greater far,
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;

A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

THE LAMB UPON CALVARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I saw One hanging on a tree In a-gonies and blood, Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
2. Sure never till my latest breath Can I forget that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho' not a word He spoke.

CHORUS.

O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, The Lamb upon Calvary, The Lamb that was slain and liveth again To intercede for me.

- 3 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, etc.

4 A second look he gave, which said,
“I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may’st live.”
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, etc.

O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

From THE SILVER CHIMES, by permission.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Not too Fast.

1. O, we are volunteers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Captain's word;
 2 The glo-ry of our flag is the emblem of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;

We are under marching orders to take the battle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
 We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain, 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.

CHORUS.

Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Captain, we ral-ly at his word;
 Sharp will be the con-flict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS. Concluded.

89

3.

Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'ry side,—
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride ;
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack ;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them
CHO.—Come and join the army, etc.

[back.]

4.

O, glorious is the struggle, in which we draw the sword,
Glorious in the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord ;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore
And His people shall be blessed for evermore. [to shore
CHO.—Come and join the army, etc.

Words by H. BONAR.

JESUS IS MINE.

T. F. SEWARD,

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,—
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

A BRIGHT AND GLORIOUS KINGDOM.

"JESUS ANSWERED, MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD.—John 18, 36.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is a glo-ri-ous kingdom, A kingdom bright and fair, And ma-ny lit-tle children Wait on the good King there.

CHORUS.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL.

Yes, children, children Are in that glorious kingdom, That kingdom, That kingdom, That kingdom bright and fair.

2 O, in that glorious kingdom
Is built a throne of gold;
Its ornaments are jewels,
With riches all untold.

A kingdom, kingdom,
A bright and glorious kingdom,
A kingdom, a kingdom,
A kingdom bright and fair.

3 O, in that glorious kingdom,
And on that golden throne,
There reigns the blessed Saviour,
Those children are his own.

Yes, children, children,
Are in that glorious kingdom;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

4 And in that glorious kingdom,
Around the throne of gold,
Are throngs of children's angels,
Their numbers are untold.

Yes, angels—angels
Are in that glorious kingdom;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

A BRIGHT AND GLORIOUS KINGDOM. Concluded.

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- 5 The children of that kingdom,
 Around that glorious throne,
Have palms and crowns of victory,
 And harps of sweetest tone.
 All singing—singing
 There in that glorious kingdom ;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
 That kingdom bright and fair.
- 6 And now they lift their voices
 In praises loud and sweet,
And cast their crowns of victory
 Down at their Saviour's feet.

Of victory, victory,
Their crowns, their crowns of victory,
Of victory, of victory,
Their crowns at Jesus' feet.

- 7 Come, all who love that kingdom,
 That kingdom bright and fair ;
Come, give your hearts to Jesus,
 And dwell forever there.
 And praise him—praise him
 Forever in that kingdom ;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
 That kingdom bright and fair.

Words writtea for this work by Rev. C. E. KNOX, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

FULTON. 7S.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Brother, hast thou wander'd far From thy Father's happy home, With thyself and God at war? Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
 God for noble uses gave?
Squander'd life's most golden hours?
 Turn thee, brother; God can save.

- 3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
 He thy gentlest prayer can hear :
Seek him, for he may be found,
 Call upon him; he is near.

I AM SO HAPPY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.

"IS ANY MERRY, LET HIM SING PSALMS."—James 5. 13.

I. SCHOLARS I am so hap - py all day long, I can - not keep from singing; Glad words are ev - er on my tongue, And
pleasant thoughts are springing. Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath school

CHORUS.

Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath school

TEACHERS.

2 You love the cheerful hymns of praise
That tune our souls to gladness,
And while their choral notes we raise,
There is no time for sadness.

Children, children, This is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

3 Fly swift ye week-days, come and go,
And bring the holy morning;
I rise with pleasure all aglow,
To greet its earliest dawning.

Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, &c. Teacher, teacher, tell me why I am so happy, &c.

TEACHERS.

4 It is your gentle Shepherd's voice
That tells the pleasing story,
That makes your heart's in love rejoice,
And leads to life and glory.

Children, children, This is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

5 I love to hear the Sabbath bells,
That call me to my teachers;
Where kindness in each bosom dwells,
And lights their happy features.

* This piece may be sung by the school alone, omitting the stanzas for teachers, if preferred.

I AM SO HAPPY. Concluded.

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TEACHERS,

6 The Bible is the word of truth,—
A pure and priceless treasure;
O make it in the days of youth
The source of all your pleasure.

Children, children, This is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

7 Alas, for children far and near,
Who have no Sabbath teaching;
Will not some faithful guide appear,
With kindly hand out-reaching? [happy,
Teacher, teacher, O 'twould make them all so
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school.

TEACHERS [*while the Scholars sing the 9th stanza.*]

8 These heavenly blessings while you share
Your hearts with wisdom lighted,
Remember in your evening prayer
Poor children thus benighted. [happy,
God will hear you, He will make them good and
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school,

SCHOLARS [*with Teachers singing 8th stanza.*]

9 These heavenly blessings while we share
Our hearts with wisdom lighted;
We will remember in our prayer
Poor children thus benighted. [happy,
God will hear us, He will make them good and
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school.

EVAN.

C. M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1 Now condescend, Almighty King, To bless this happy throng; And kindly listen while we sing Our humble, grateful song.
2 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.

3 We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care;

Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way,
That leads to heaven and thee.

JOYFUL EVERMORE.

"REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS, AND AGAIN I SAY REJOICE."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1st. Thro' the world we're marching on, Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Soon our Heaven will be won,
2d. Night will soon be turn'd to day, Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! God will wipe all tears a - way,

FULL CHORUS

1st.

2d.

REFRAIN.

Joy - ful ev - er more!
Joy - ful ev - er - - - more! } O, the road is short and straight, Leading up to Zi-on's
gate, There our loved ones for us wait, Joy - ful, joyful, ev - er - more, Joyful ev - er - more.

1st.

2d.

Joy - ful ev - er more!
Joy - ful ev - er - - - more! } O, the road is short and straight, Leading up to Zi-on's
gate, There our loved ones for us wait, Joy - ful, joyful, ev - er - more, Joyful ev - er - more.

JOYFUL EVERMORE. Concluded.

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1st Semi-Chorus.—Tho' we here must bear the cross,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

1st.—Counting earthly gain as loss,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

2d.—When we lay life's burden down,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

2d.—We shall take the promised crown,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

Refrain.—O, the road is short, etc.

1st.—Now we look to Christ for aid,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

1st.—None in vain to him have prayed,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

2d.—Let us place our trust in Him,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful ;

2d.—Never let our faith grow dim,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

Refrain.—O, the road is short, etc.

IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. Mansions are prepared above, By the gracious God of love ; Many will those mansions see—Is there one prepared for me?
 2. Crowns that dazzle human eye, Wait for those who reach the sky ; Many will those bright crowns be—Is there one, &c.

Is there one for me? Is there one for me? Many will those mansions see—Is there one prepared for me?

8 Robes of spotless white are given,
 By the glorious King of Heaven ;
 All can have them, they are free,—
 Is there one prepared for me ?
 Is there one for me ? etc.

4 Harps of solemn sound above,
 Swell loud praises to His love ;
 Oh ! how sweet their sounds will be,—
 Is there one prepared for me ?
 Is there one for me ? etc.

MARCHING ON!

WORSHIP. WORDS BY REV. R. LOWRY. SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG. WM. B. BRADBURY.

WM. B. BRADBURY,

Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing. Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far,

Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring. We are soldiers of Zion prepared for the war.

Marching on!

marching on!

Marching on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the bat-tle- cry! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Marching

00 !

Marching on!

D. C.

on ! marching on ! marching on ! Shout the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry

| D.C.

MARCHING ON! Concluded.

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2.

Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rs the foe.
Marching on, &c.

3.

Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;

We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights'gainst the Lord
Marching on, &c.

4.

Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
Marching on, &c.

I NOW BELIEVE. C. M., with Chorus.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
Cho. I now believe, I do believe, That Jesus died for me ; That on the cross he shed his blood, From sin to set me free.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;

And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Cho.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

I now believe, I do believe, &c.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

I now believe, I do believe, &c.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;

When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

I now believe, I do believe, &c.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS. *cres.*

1 (Girls. We are bound for the land of promise, Who will join our happy throng?) [sunny land forever;
 Boys. We are bound for the land of promise, And our march will not be long.) We shall meet, no more to sever, In that

We are bound for the land of promise,
 Come and join our happy throng,

We are bound for the land of promise,
 Come and join our happy throng.

- 2 Far away in the fields of glory
 Saints and angels sweetly sing,
 Far away in the fields of glory
 Now their hallelujahs ring.—*Cho.*
- 3 When our hearts oppressed and weary,
 Jesus bids us watch and pray;

- When our hearts oppressed and weary,
 He will cheer us on our way.—*Cho.*
- 4 Onward, then, to the land of promise,
 Stay not in the vale below;
 Onward haste to the land of promise,
 Where the streams of pleasure flow.—*Cho.*

OUT ON THE OCEAN SAILING.

- 1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide.

Cho.—All the storms will soon be over,
 Then we'll anchor in the harbor,

We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed
 Over on the golden shore;
 Millions more are on their journey,
 Yet there's room for millions more.—*Cho.*

OUT ON THE OCEAN SAILING.

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3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on,
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—*Cho.*

4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.—*Cho.*

RESPONSE TO "JESUS PAID IT ALL."

The following hymn, by the REV. E. P. HAMMOND, was first sung at a large Union Meeting of Children and Youth, in Rochester, N. Y., October 4th, 1863. As a response to that beautiful hymn, "Jesus paid it all," on page 12, it will be found very useful; for who that is truly converted, does not wish to be "doing something" for Jesus?

1 I have cast my "doing" down,
Yes, down at Jesus' feet,
Now I stand in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Something either great or small,
From love to Him I'll do.

2 Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
Alone by simple faith;
Doing was a "deadly thing,
It would have been my death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Legal works I've given o'er,
My Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before
Upon my senses pall.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Jesus once in anguish bled
Upon the cruel tree;
There He bowed His sacred head,
And suffered all for me.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
My sins that shed His blood,
Mine that pierced His bleeding side,
The blessed Son of God.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

6 All my life shall now be given
To Christ, my risen Lord;
Learning all the way to Heaven,
My duty in His Word.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe.
Something either great or small
From love to Him I'll do.

100 Words written for this work.

ALL BY GRACE.

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED, AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES : IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD."

1. O, if my soul is saved from death, 'Twill be by grace—all by grace ; Let praise employ my latest breath, Praise praise, for grace,
My strength in weakness, hope in fear, A living light my way to cheer ; O for grace, for saving grace !
My refuge when the storm is near.

2 If Jesus cleanse me from my sin,
"I'll be by grace, all by grace ;
If now I feel a peace within,
'Tis all by grace.
Be this my shield against despair,
My joy in every pain I bear ;
Be this the burden of my prayer,
O for grace, for saving grace !

3 If rescued from the tempter's hand,
"Twill be by grace, all by grace ;
If on the Christian's Rock I stand,
'Tis all by grace,
Not of myself, no work of mine
Can light the spark of love divine ;
No, Saviour, no, the gift is thine,
O for grace, for saving grace !

4 If on the wings of faith I soar,
"Twill be by grace, all by grace :
Where sin and death are felt no more,
'Tis all by grace.
O when my captive soul is free,
When life eternal opes for me,
That glorious theme my song shall be,
Saved by grace, yes, saved by grace !

WILL YOU GO?

D.C.

1. (We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go ? will you go ?) Millions have reach'd Anointed kings and priests to
that blest abode,
(To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go ? will you go ?) God.
D.C. And millions now are on the road, Will you go ? will you go ?

WILL YOU GO? Concluded.

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2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
 Will you go? will you go?

3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In yonder house there still is room,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
 Will you go? will you go?

COME THOU FOUNT. (Nettleton.) 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work, by WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1. (Come thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune our hearts to grateful lays;) I love Je - sus, Hal-le - lu - jah,
 Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.) I love Je - sus, Hal-le - lu - jah,

I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, he's my Sav-iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptar'd saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.—Cho.
 3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;

- He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.—Cho.
 4 Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.—Cho.

PEACEFUL REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy repose; Thy toils are o'er thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in
2. Go to thy peaceful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now among the blest, No more by sin and
in peace,
thy rest,
sweet release, Thine eyelids gentle close, Thine eyelids gently close.
sorrow pressed. But hush'd in quiet sleep, But hush'd in quiet sleep.
gently close
hush'd in sleep

Andante.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR. 8s & 7s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze; Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs
shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hast bereft us;
He can still our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

1 (Lord I hear of showr's of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free;) Show'r's the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me. Even me, Even me, Let some droopings fall on me..

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

4 Past me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:

Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—
Even me.

ALL HAIL! THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

Tune.—CORONATION.

- 1 All hail! the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

Music by R. LOWRY.

DUET.

CHORUS.

DUET.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright,—Beauti - ful land of rest, No win - ter there, nor chill of night,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The drip - ping cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in

CHORUS.

endless day,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beauti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,

Beautiful land, Beautiful land of rest, Beautiful land, Beautiful land, Beautiful land of rest.

2 Jerusalem, forever free,—
Beautiful land of rest!

The soul's sweet home of Liberty,—
Beautiful land of rest!

The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know. Jerusalem, &c.

3 Jerusalem, for ever dear,—
Beautiful land of rest!

Thy pearly gates almost appear,—
Beautiful land of rest!

And when we tread thy lovely shore,
We'll sing the song we've sung before. Jerusalem, &c.

HE LEADETH ME.

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"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT. HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES; HE LEADETH ME
BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O, blessed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By
troubled sea—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! etc.

his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (The night will cast no sha - dow Up - on the morning land, The dark clouds ne'er will gather A
 And there the sound of weep-ing Shall nev-er-more 'be heard : With sorrow and with sigh - ing Our

CHORUS.

bove the golden strand ;) hearts no more be stirred.) The morning land, the morning land, How blessed 'twill be there to stand, And
 greet the glance, and clasp the hand Of those who've gone before, Of those who've gone before, Gone to
 heaven's shin-ing shore, To the morning land, To the morning land, Where we shall part no more.

2 We mourn earth's faded blossoms,
But *there* bright flowers will bloom,
Beyond the grave's cold portal,
 Beyond the silent tomb.
Fairer than early Eden,
 Fairer than aught below.
Will be that land of morning,
The home to which we go.
Cho.—The morning land, etc.

3 Our days are swiftly gliding,
Fraught with both good and ill,
But though life's draught seems bitter,
 We'll trust the Giver still.
By faith we will look forward,
 Till joyfully we stand
Beside the loved and loving,
In God's own morning land.
Cho.—The morning land, etc.

NEVERMORE BE SAD OR WEARY.

Words by BONAR.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. This is not my place of resting, Mine's a cit-y yet to come; Onward to it I am hastening, On to my e-ternal home.
2. In it all is light and glory, O'er it shines a nightless day; Every trace of sin's sad story—All the curse has passed away.

CHORUS.

Nevermore, Nevermore, Nevermore be sad or weary, Nev-ermore, Nev-ermore, Nev-ermore to sin a-gain.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feed us,
 Turns our sighing into song.
Nevermore, etc.

4 Soon we pass this dreary desert,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad or weary,
 Nevermore to sin again.
Nevermore, etc.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweetly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel - ic host re -

Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angelic host re -

joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise, Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them

Hear them tell

chant their hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the highest-glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

Hear them chant

FOR CHRISTMAS OR OTHER FESTIVALS.

2 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found :
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.

JESUS OUR PILOT.

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"AND HE AROSE, AND REBUKED THE WIND, AND SAID UNTO THE SEA, PEACE, BE STILL."—Mark iv, 39.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Jesus is our Pilot,— No one else can guide Our frail bark in safety, O'er life's stormy tide.
2. Jesus is our Pilot,— Leaning on His arm, We are safe from danger, Safe from fear and harm.
3. Jesus is our Pilot,— Well he knows the way, From these earthly shadows, To the realms of day.



When the waves of trouble Baffle human skill, He can always calm them With His "Peace, be still!"
In His strong protection Let us ev - er rest; Refuge from all sorrow On His faithful breast.
He can find that harbor, Others seek in vain, Where as Lord of glory, Evermore He'll reign.



FULL CHORUS.



Jesus is our Pi - lot—Guided by his hand, We shall reach the haven, On the golden strand.



SOLO, or a few voices.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee;
2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free;

A dear one has moved to the mansions a- bove, There's a light in the window for thee.
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the win-dow for thee.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. Concluded.

111

A mansion in hea-ven we see, And a light in the win-dow for thee.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea.
Tho' afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free:
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Fine

1. Nev - er lose the gold-en rule, Keep it still in view; Do for oth-ers as you would They should do to you.
2. Help the fee-ble ones a-long, Cheer the faint and weak; To the sor-row laden heart, Words of comfort speak.
3. Love the Lord, the first command, With thy soul and mind : Love thy neighbor as thyself, Both in one combined.

D.C. *al fine* 1st verse.

Kind - ly, gent - ly, In their bur-den bear a part; Meek - ly, chid - ing With a lov - ing heart.
Free - ly, free - ly, From the bounty of your store; Cheerful giv - ers Help the hum - ble poor.
Just - ly, just - ly With each oth-er strive to live; Ev - er rea - dy Will-ing to for - give.

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

"COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA AND HELP US."—*Acts 16: 9.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { There's a cry from Mace-do-nia—Come and help us : The light of the gospel bring, O come ! Let us
O ye' heralds of the cross be up and do - ing, Remember the great command, Away ! Go ye

End. CHORUS.

hear the joy - ful ti-dings of sal - va - tion, We thirst for the liv - ing spring. }
forth and preach the word to ev 'ry crea-ture, Proclaim it in ev 'ry land. } They shall
End.

gather from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the pa-tri-archs of old, And the

D. C. in full Chorus.
ransom'd shall return To the kingdoms of the blest With their harps and crowns of gold.

D. C.

2 O how beautiful their feet upon the mountains,
The tidings of peace who bring, *Who bring*
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
And tell them of Zion's king ;
Then ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,
Go work in your Master's field, away !
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of sal-
vation,

The Lord is your strength and shield.

Let the distant Isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
Till the knowledge of the truth
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea.

There's a cry, &c.

3 Ye have listed in the army of the faithful
Like heroes the battle fight, Away !
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armour bright;
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
The sword of the spirit wield, Away !
Ye shall conquer through his mercy who hath
loved you,

The Lord is your strength and shield.

Ye are marching to the land
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing,
Ye by faith may bring it nigh ;
Ye shall reach it bye and bye,
And your shouts of triumph sing.

There's a cry, &c.

* Words written for this work.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER.

Words by W. BENNETT.

From CHAPEL MELODIES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thine, Lord, for -ev - er, Purchas'd by blood divine, Rescued and sav'd by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.
2. Thine, Lord, for -ev - er, Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting confid-ing-ly. I am Thy child.
3. Thine, Lord, forever, Cheer'd by Thy precious word, Thro' darkness doubts and fears; Thine, thine, O Lord.
4. Thine, Lord, for -ever, Tho' death shall lay me low, E'en in that dreadful hour Thine, Lord, I know.
5. Thine, Lord, for -ev - er, When safe before thy throne I stand, for -ev -ermore Thine, thine alone.

SONG OF THE LILIES.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW."—Matt. 6, 28-30

Words by Rev. J. A. COLLIER, Kingston, N. Y.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hark, the lilies whisper Tenderly and low, "In our grace and beauty See how fair we grow;" Thus our heavenly Father
Cares for all below. The lilies of the field, The beautiful lilies of the field, Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you?

2 Hark, the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story,
Of the love of God,
In the Rose of Sharon,
Jesus Christ the Lord.
The roses how they bloom!
The beautiful roses how they bloom!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you?

3 Buttercups and daisies,
And the violets sweet,
Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices meet;
And their Maker's praises,
To our souls repeat.
They sing their Maker's praise,
The beautiful flowers, how they sing!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?

4 Let us, then, be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field;
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?

THE LITTLE WANDERER. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

S. End. D. *Dal S.*

I. Jesus to my dear arms I flee, I have no other help but thee; For thou dost suffer me to come, O take a little wand'rer home,
D. S. O take a little wand'rer home.

THE LITTLE WANDERER. Concluded.

115

2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
O take a little wanderer home.

3 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'ret very near;

O say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

4 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven Ten thousand children stand.
Children whose sins are all forgiven, A ho-ly, happy band, Singing glory, glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Singing

2. What brought them to that world above, Both in that pure and precious flood,
That heaven so bright and fair, Behold them white and clean.—*Cho.*
glory, glory, glory, halle - lu-jah! Where all its peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?—*Cho.*

3. Because the Saviour shed his blood, On earth they sought the Saviour's grace
To wash away our sin; On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face, And stand before the Lamb.—*Cho.*

THE PENITENT.

Tune.—“Children in Heaven.”

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
Crying save me, save me!
Save me, blessed Saviour!
Crying save me, save me!
Save me, blessed Saviour!

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the doubt I owe,

Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.—*Cho.*

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.—*Cho.*

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive!
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.—*Cho.*

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST !

ANNIVERSARY ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS.

1. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the highest! Shall
2. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the highest! Shall

2. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the highest! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS or DUET

be our song to - day; An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So
be our song to - day; The song that woke the glorious morn When Da-vid's great-er son was born. Sung

be our song to-day; The song that woke the glorious morn When Da-vid's greater son was born, Sung

FULL CHORUS.

let our loud-est voices raise Our An-ni-ver-sary song of praise. Glo-ry to God in the high-est!
by an heavenly host, and we would join the an-ge-lic com-pa-ny. Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

by an heavenly host, and we would join them - He com-pa - ny. Gladly to God in the high'st.

Glory to God in the high-est! Glory, glory, glory, glory, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

Glory to God in the highest! Glory, glory, glory, glory, Glory be to God on high! God on high!

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. Concluded.

117

3 Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day,
And while we with the angels sing;
Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem.
And offer our young hearts to him.
Glory to God in the highest, etc.

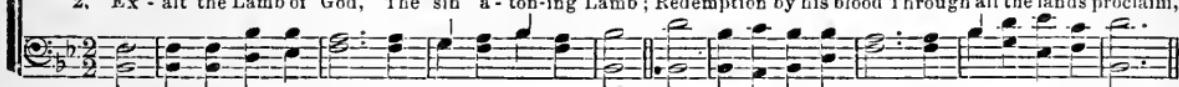
4 Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day.
O, may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of his redeemed ones, join the song,
Glory to God in the highest, etc.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. (LENOX.) H. M.

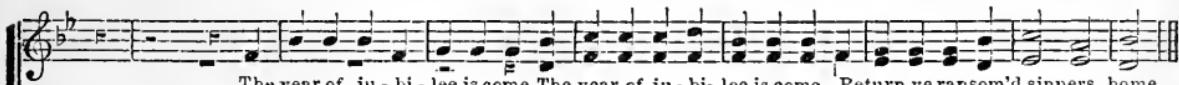
EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow—The glad-ly sol-emn sound ! Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin 'a- ton-ing Lamb; Redemption by his blood Through all the lands proclaim,



The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come , Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.



The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come ; Return, ye ran som'd sin - ners home.

3 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

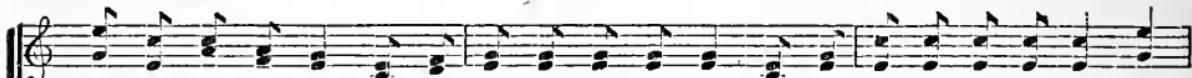
SONG OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL ARMY.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. I am in the ar - my, a sol - dier for the Lord, I have buckled on my ar - mor and
 2. Soldiers in the ar - my, we'll keep the cross in view, With its ban - ner wav - ing o'er us, our
 3. Whata glorious ar - my, of sol-diers in the field, With the light of hope re - flect - ed on



gird - ed on my sword; With sal - va - tion for my hel - met, my shield the Word of Truth, I'll
 jour - ney we'll pur - sue, And our weapons al - ways rea - dy to meet the trai - tor foe; We'll
 ev - ery sword and shield; Let us do ouf du - ty faith - ful, and when the war is o'er, We'll



go and fight for Je-sus in my youth. O the world is full of dan - ger, and foes on ev - ery hand, But the
 fight for God, rejoicing as we go. Let our footsteps nev - er fal - ter, our courage nev - er fail, For in
 rest in peace with Jesus ev - er more. Then we'll tune our happy voic - es, and make the por-tals ring, In that



SONG OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL ARMY. Concluded.

119

Saviour is my Captain still, He has promis'd me his aid, if I follow his command. And do his ho - ly will.
 Je-sus we shall all be strong ; Tho' our trials may be hard, yet we surely must prevail. Then boldly march along !
 sunny land of joy untold : We will worship at his throne, our Redeemer and our King, With harps and crowns of gold.

THE SONG OF JUBILEE. 7s.

End.

D.C.

1. Wake the song of Jubilee, Let it echo o'er the sea ; Now is come the promis'd hour ; Jesus reigns with soy'reign power.
D. C. Wake the song of Jubilee, Let it ech-o o'er the sea.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
 Christ of lords and kings, is King ;
 Let it sound from shore to shore,
 Jesus reigns for evermore.
 Wake the song, etc.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
 And the islands join their voice—
 Yea, the whole creation sings,
 Jesus is the King of kings.
 Wake the song, etc.

HOLY BIBLE.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine ;
 Mine to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine to teach me what I am.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine to show a Father's love ;
 Mine to guide my doubtful feet ;
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.

- 3 Mine to comfort in distress ;
 Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless ;
 Mine to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come ;
 Mine to lead the spirit home,
 O thou precious book divine,
 Holy Bible, thou art mine.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, etc.

JESUS IS CALLING US HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweetly the voice of the Saviour is call - ing, In accents of kindness its mus-i-c is

fall - ing Thro' fear and temptation so patient - ly leading, So gently persuading and earnest - ly

CHORUS.

pleading. O Je - sus is call - ing us home,..... Je-sus is calling us

Je - sus is calling us home,.....

home..... Je - sus is call - ing, is call-ing his children home.

Je-sus is calling us home, Je-sus is call - ing, &c.

JESUS IS CALLING US HOME. Concluded.

121

² He died from the burden of sin to relieve us,
And now He is waiting with joy to receive us,
How blest are the words of the pure and the holy,
Come hither and learn of the meek and the lowly.
Cho. O Jesus, &c.

³ The Bride and the Spirit, our souls are inviting,
The angels in glory their songs are uniting,
O drink of its waters, that beautiful river,
That flows at the feet of the Saviour forever.
O Jesus, &c.

AMERICA. National Hymn. Words by Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Maestoso.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing, Land where my fathers died,
 2. My native country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,

Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
 Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break
 The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

ONCE MORE OUR YOUTHFUL THRONG.

DUET.

Arranged from the German for this work.

Musical score for the Duet section, featuring two staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are in soprano range.

1. Once more our youthful throng In sweetest union raise To God our choral song Of gratitude and praise.
2. From yonder world of light Our Father bends His ear, With angels rob'd in white, Our grateful song to hear.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Musical score for the Semi-Chorus section, featuring two staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are in soprano range.

FULL CHORUS. *ff**Repeat pianissimo.*

Musical score for the Full Chorus section, featuring two staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are in soprano range. The lyrics "Hallelujah, sweetly singing, Thro' eternal ages ringing, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praises to the Lamb." are repeated.

3 His eye that never sleeps,
With ever-watchful care,
His faithful children keeps
From each besetting snare.
When shall we join, &c.

4 Dear Saviour, may we rest
Our heart, our hopes on thee;
Reposing on thy breast,
From every danger free.
When shall we join, &c.

WATCHMAN, TELL ME. 7s & 8s. Double.
DIALOGUE,

123

Moderato.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn? }
 Have the signs that mark its com-ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone? } Pilgrim, yes! a - rise, look
 round thee; Light is breaking in the skies;... Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, arise, arise!

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
 Brighter still upon the way;
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day
 When the Jubal trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea,
 And the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
 Of the grand Sabbathic year;
 All with voices loud proclaiming
 That the kingdom's very near:
 Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise,
 Salem too appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

4 Watchman, in the golden city,
 Seated on His jasper throne,
 Zion's king enthroned in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
 There on sun-lit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams serenely glow;
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers,
 On just yonder, O how cheering
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers!
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air,
 See the millions, hear them singing,
 Soon the pilgrim will be there.

PRAISE THE LORD.

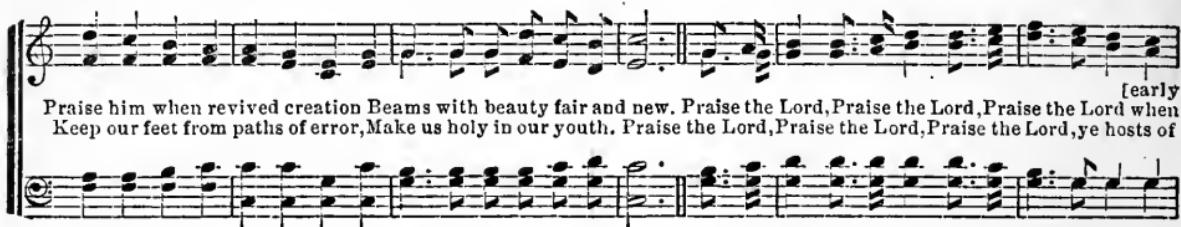
ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the flowers fresh with [dew;
2. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord, and may his blessing Guide us in the way of truth;

Praise the Lord,



Praise him when revived creation Beams with beauty fair and new. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord when [early
Keep our feet from paths of error, Make us holy in our youth. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye hosts of



breezes Come so fragrant from the flowers. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye millions by the brookside,
heaven, Ye angels sing your sweetest lays. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O utter forth his glory, Sound a-[And ye

PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.

125

birds among the bowers, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Let everything that hath breath, Praise the loud Jehovah's praise, Praise the Lord,..... Praise ye the Lord, Let everything that hath breath, Praise, &c.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

CODA.

Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.
Let everything that hath breath,

NEARER TO THEE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me; (Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee,)
2. Tho' like the wanderer, The sun goes down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone; (Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to thee,

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

VICTORY AT LAST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (We've joined the glorious Army, Who march to Zion's Hill, And our Saviour is our Captain, And he'll protect us still.)
 And tho' the conflict rages, We know 'twill soon be passed. For ev'-ry soldier of the cross There's victory at last.)

FULL CHORUS.

For there's victory at last, There's victory at last, We'll shout and sing to God our King, And praise him for the past,
 O, we'll

praise him for the past, yes. Praise him for the past, For there's victory, vic-to - ry, vic - to - ry at last.

2.

Our foe, the cruel tempter,
 The world our battle-field,
 While the Bible is our weapon,
 And God our strength and shield,
 Press onward, gallant heroes,
 The war will soon be passed,
 Then to every soldier of the cross
 There's victory at last.

Cho.—For there's victory, etc.

3.

Our troops are bold and fearless
 And tho' our march be long.
 O'er craggy rock and mountain,
 We sing our battle-song.
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Our toil will soon be passed,
 Then to every soldier of the Cross
 There's victory at last.

Cho.—For there's victory, etc.

4.

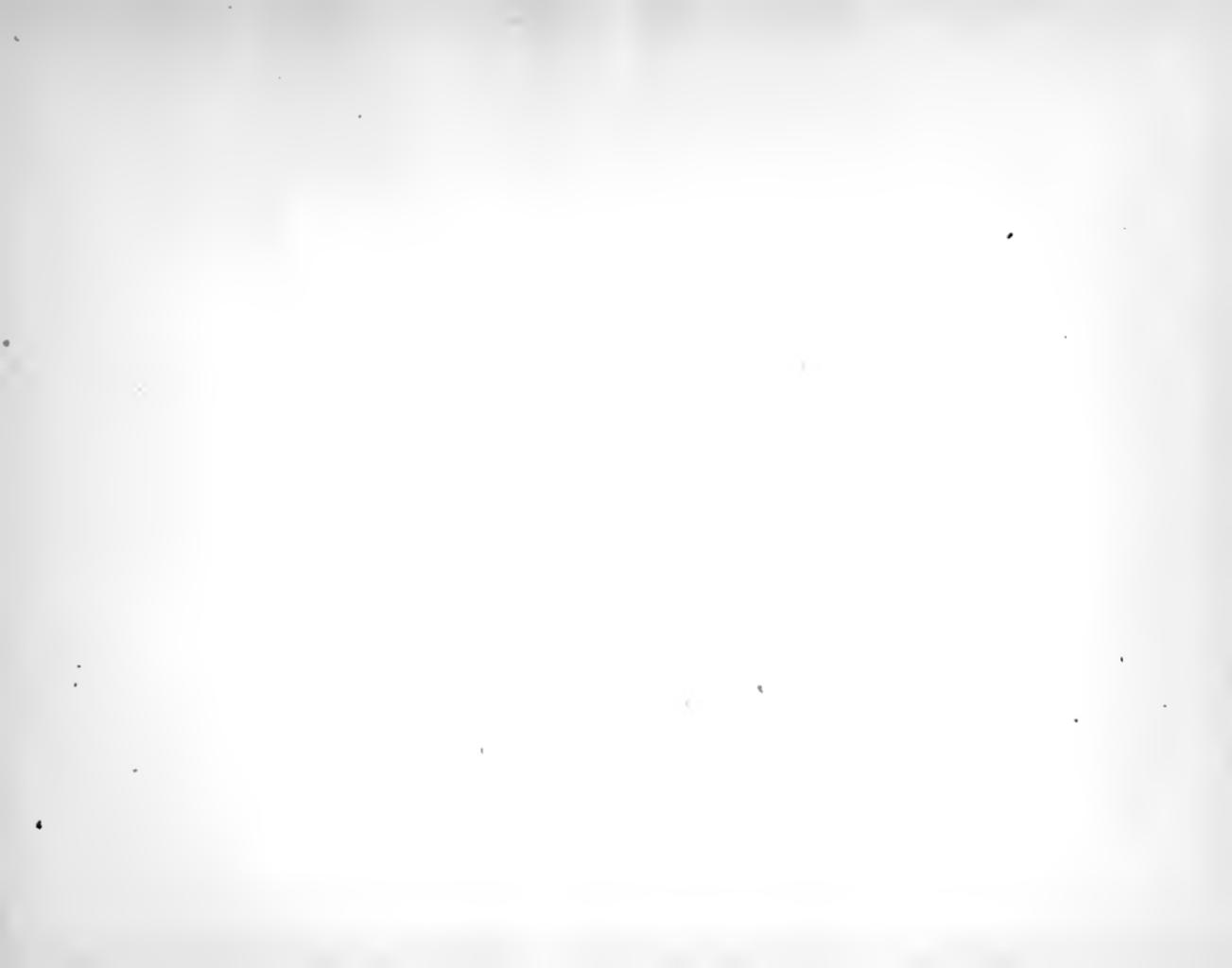
O joyful, joyfnl tidings,
 Let every tear be dry.
 For our army is advancing,
 The promised land is nigh.
 And when the war is over,
 And every danger passed, [there,
 Then we'll sing with all the ransomed
 Of victory at last,
 Cho. For there's victory, etc.

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